The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Winnipeg, Man. August, 1919

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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XXI. | *Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.* | *No. 8*

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year, or three years for $2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the city of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

WHY WE ARE LATE

The General Strike which was called in Winnipeg on May 14th and lasted until nearly the end of June is, of course, the reason why subscribers have been receiving their copies so late. Six weeks' delay is a serious handicap to overcome, but we are doing the best we can and normal conditions will prevail in the near future.

A Chat With Our Readers

Several years ago The Western Home Monthly declared itself for better home-making, knowing that thousands of women in this country were no longer satisfied with the idea that things were good enough because "mother did it that way." The coming of the war found this magazine an established authority along the lines in which women most needed help, namely, in the practical problems of home-making. The closing of the world-war will find them no less in need of aid, for the reconstruction period, which will last two years at least, will be difficult in many ways, and women will be little inclined to turn to the path of least resistance after their ordeal by fire, as it were.

During the past year sixty per cent of our editorial space has been devoted to material of a "practical and patriotic" nature. We think no magazine can show a larger percentage than this.

While we are identifying The Western Home Monthly as a practical magazine, we are not neglecting the human needs of a woman's life, nor her natural longing for wholesome entertainment. We maintain a high standard in fiction, both as to interest and literary quality.

Neutrality in the home, as regards magazines, is the rarest thing in the world. In every home where magazines are read you will find *favorite* magazines, and usually one is *the* favorite. The Western Home Monthly gets very close to the hearts of its readers. Because it is an intimate home counsellor, dealing with the management, decoration, cuisine, amusements—even the morals—of the home—it is the type of magazine which either fails to make friends or becomes a very intimate friend in the very nature of things.

Which of these two lots has befallen The Western Home Monthly may be judged from the stability of its record, its high pulling power, and its high percentage of renewals.

We, in common with other publishers, maintained a free list for business purposes, but owing to the ever-increasing cost of white paper, this has been practically discontinued. Many prospective advertisers to whom The Western Home Monthly was going regularly, wrote expressing regret at its discontinuance, and some of them sent in paid subscriptions rather than be without it. One man wrote that The Western Home Monthly had become so much of a necessity to his entire household that he couldn't think of losing so valued a friend. The way the advertising men who received The Western Home Monthly free are now sticking to it as paid subscribers is most reassuring to the publishers. It is evidence of the magazine's usefulnes in its field. It is a true test of merit. Many thousand families feel the need of The Western Home Monthly, which makes it a most valuable medium for business men whose products deserve a place in good homes.

A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs:—I received no June issue of your magazine, but supposed it was owing to the strike. I have so far received no July number. If you published the June number would you please forward to me with July number. The Western Home Monthly is very welcome each month. I have taken it for years myself and have read it since it was first published, consequently one dislikes missing any numbers. My subscription is paid up until January, 1922.

Yours truly,

MRS. C. STOCKS.

Box 35, Blaine Lake, Sask.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

Gentlemen,—Please find enclosed $.....for.....years subscription to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, to be sent to

Name.....

Street.....

Post Office.....Province.....

BABY HUTT.

"Owes his life to Virol."

Ottawa,
Nov. 23, 1916.

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WINNIPEG

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Buy a bottle or case

Good or Bad Luck

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Nestor Noel

MRS. Jones was leaving her flat in Edmonton, so I called on her to say "good-bye."

"Are you going to your nice farm to-morrow?" I asked.

"O dear no," she cried. "I couldn't dream of moving on a Friday. We'd never have any luck again."

I was astonished to hear this remark from Mrs. Jones; because I had always regarded her as a person full of common sense.

"I suppose you will take your pretty Maltese cat with you when you go," I said, stroking pussy's soft, grey fur.

"It's very unlucky to move a cat," she replied. "I'm so glad you came, as I wanted to give her to you before leaving."

Of course, I carried away the lovely gift in my arms, and I could not help expressing my surprise to my husband, when I told him later of Mrs. Jones, and her ideas of luck.

But, on thinking the matter over, it seems to me there are so many people with pet superstitions, that it will be hard to find one person out of ten, who is not superstitious.

Nor is it only women who believe like this; for many men are just as bad. We all know, for instance, that sailors, as a class, are very superstitious, and they never like to start a voyage on a Friday.

Friday is supposed to be an unlucky day, because Christ died on a Friday. Then why are people so inconsistent as to call the day on which He died, Good Friday? And if this special Friday be Good Friday, why are all other Fridays, bad or unlucky?

But one can never ask or answer a question reasonably with superstitious people; because they are, of all others, the most unreasonable.

They have marked all the unlucky things which ever happened to them on the 13th; but have they remembered the lucky ones?

Women often become perfect slaves to their superstitions, and they can't do this or that—always for some idiotic reason which is no reason at all!

I knew a woman in England who used to teach her own children, instead of sending them to school Many times I saw them having a holiday, and I'd remark on the fact. The eldest girl, Adeline, invariably, gave me the same answer: "O we're not having any lessons to-day; because it is an unlucky day!"

The mother was an invalid and gave the lessons from her bedroom; but she generally told Adeline to consult the almanac first, and see if there had been a death of a great man, like Gladstone, recorded; or the sinking or shipwreck of a famous ship. Now everyone who consults an almanac, with the important dates of years gone by, will see for themselves that those children's holidays far outnumbered their study days. Adeline is now a married woman, and I sometimes recall that period.

"How were you educated in the end?" I asked her.

"O I was never 'brought up,' she used to say. "I was dragged up!"

It was well for Adeline that she had more common sense than her mother, for she is now a very practical person, and when I asked her if she were superstitious, she laughed and said: "I have no time for such nonsense!"

If I were to write out a list of all the superstitions I have heard, I think I should fill a book!

There are surely enough misfortunes in this world without our making ourselves and our children unhappy over imaginary ones. It is certain that a child is not born superstitious. It may be born with a temper, or some physical defect, but it cannot know of such things as good or bad luck, unless it first hears of them from its elders.

And considering how much a child has to learn, and what marvellous things there are in this wonderful world of ours, surely we do not want to waste its precious time teaching nonsense.

I have found that there are certain studies which do away with superstitions more than any others. These are hygiene, natural history and botany.

Everything is so real in these studies. A child who learns hygiene will not think it caught scarlet fever because it was the 13th of the month. It will know it must have caught it through infection. Nor would any sane mother hang the emblem of a black cat round a sick child's neck, and expect the child to recover. A mother may be stupid enough to believe that a black cat is lucky; but, in spite of that insane belief, she'll do her best to help her child recover, by good nursing.

The truth of the matter is that most of our so-called "good or bad luck" we bring upon ourselves. Of course, there are certain accidents which no one can foresee. For instance, on a farm, there is frost. But it is of no use for a farmer to sit down and wail because his wheat is frozen. Two farmers may have their grain frozen at the same time, and one will say: "I never have any luck," and he'll waste a lot more time. The fault with him is laziness—not bad luck. The other farmer works all the harder when his grain is frozen, because he wants to make up the difference. And then his neighbor will point to his good luck—which in other words merely means the result of hard work.

There is no such thing as good or bad luck—outside ourselves. It is we who make our own luck. People who are easily discouraged put most things down to luck. But they would do well to study the story of Bruce and the Spider.

I have often heard the remark: "Isn't So-and-So lucky? She earns prizes at every fair."

Now I consider that a person who does this, owes it a great deal to hard work. A woman who wins prizes for the best butter or preserves surely deserves all she has won, and we might be generous and accord her a little applause for the success she has earned; and not merely class it as "luck."

So it is all through life. The prize is not to the lucky one; but to the hard worker. We will do well to teach this lesson to our little ones, early in life; before they mix with other people, who will fill their minds with nonsense. It is essentially in the home and from the mother that a child must learn to take a practical, common-sense view of things. We should all try to develop in our children;

"Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven."

Where Was Papa

A handsomely dressed lady rescued her fluffy pet with some difficulty from the attack of a street cur, and began to soothe and sympathize in this manner:

"You dear little thing, your mamma drove that ugly, big dog away, didn't she? Next time you will eat that big, naughty dog up, won't you. Tootsy-wootsy? Mamma wants you to just tear that mean old thing to pieces next time he bothers you."

Three-year-old Irene, who had witnessed the whole affair, listened with interest to this gushing monologue. When the lady paused for breath, Irene gravely addressed the diminutive dog:

"Little doggy, where does your poppa work?" she said.

A Just Complaint

The feelings of the coal heaver of the following story, as given in Tit-Bits, had sufficient cause to be ruffled:

"Liza," he expostulated, "don't I always tell you I won't 'ave the kids bringin' in the coals from the shed in my best 'at?"

"Oh, just 'ave sense," replied his wife. "You've spoiled the shape of that 'at already, and what can a little hextra coal dust do to 'arm yer 'at?"

"You don't see the point," protested the husband, with dignity. "I only wears that 'at in the hevenin's; and if, while I'm hout, I takes it orf my 'ead, it leaves a bloomin' black band round my forehead. Wot's the consequence? Why I gits accused of washin' my face with my 'at on, and it ain't nice, Liza! It ain't nice!"

Relief for Suffering Everywhere.—He whose life is made miserable by the suffering that comes from indigestion and has not tried Parmelee's Vegetable Pills does not know how easily this formidable foe can be dealt with. These pills will relieve where others fail. They are the result of long and patient study and are confidently put forward as a sure corrector of disorders of the digestive organs, from which so many suffer.

Editorial

PRIZE-FIGHTING

TO the average small boy, to the majority of men and even to a great many women, one of the events of interest all through America was the Willard-Dempsey prize fight. The interest was as varied as the individuals who manifested it. There was the fond admiration of the small boy who is ready at all times to pay tribute to physical endurance, bodily skill, and ability to knock the other man out, and on the other hand there was the supreme contempt and righteous indignation of those who perceived in the contest only brutality, coarseness, human degradation, and an appeal to the lowest human instincts.

We may as well admit very frankly that there are two sides to this question of fighting, and perhaps the best way to get at the truth is to place the merits of boxing as a form of sport over against the evils of the prize-ring.

The Fighting Instinct

Man is endowed with certain instincts such as inquisitiveness, constructiveness, artistic expression, fighting, mating. None of these is in itself wrong, but anyone of them may easily be perverted.

The fighting instinct manifests itself very early in life. In the struggles for little playthings, for positions of advantage, for sharing of things to eat and in countless other ways, the fighting spirit shows itself in every normal child. Even where there is nothing to fight for children delight in rough-and-tumble activities just for the sake of the fun. Probably they are testing their powers by matching themselves against others, and possibly they are instructively preparing themselves for the struggle of life, or running off the surplus energy that is so abundant. At any rate nothing is more certain than that the fighting instinct is just as fundamental as the instinct for play or imitation.

Boxing in Itself Not Wrong

It is not the fighting or striving that is wrong. Indeed, struggle is necessary to all living organisms in order that they may attain to the highest. But when there enters into the struggle dishonesty, meanness, brutality or anything unworthy then the activity is not to be countenanced. Scientific boxing as a means of self-development is one of the finest forms of activity. It promotes bodily strength and vigor, gives training to the eye and hand, calls for the exercise of caution, good-judgment and courage. Above all it puts a man on his mettle. One of the best things that any man can do for himself is to take lessons in the art of self-defense.

When Fighting is Wrong

But there is always a negative possibility in the fighting game. One may break the rules. He may strike below the belt. He may hit a man when he is down. He may dope his opponent. And when any one of these things is done of course it is not real fighting at all. Nor is it fighting if men are angry with each other. Real boxers go into the game just in the same spirit as golfers, base-ball players, or contestants of any kind.

Evil of the Prize-fight

Now, when it comes to a professional prize-fight the boxing art is prostituted. The contestants put their art second and the money consideration first, and the onlookers are as interested in the betting as they are in the display of science. Almost to a man they are more interested in the result than in the display of skill.

A National Weakness

The American people, including Canadian are fast becoming mere spectators of sport rather than active participators in it. Nothing could be more deplorable than this. One can welcome the return of the olden days when every boy belonged to a ball-team, and can hope for the time when every man will rather learn to box in a friendly way at home, than travel across a continent to see a champion deliver a knock-out blow.

Boxing in the gymnasium, as part of a course of physical training is excellent for all. Boxing in the prize-ring, associated with betting, and the low-grade conversation is neither elevating nor inspiring. Young boys who take part in friendly contests of any kind are all the better for it. They are only made coarser by reading about such exhibitions as that at Toledo. Our censors are wise indeed in prohibiting picture shows in which the battle is repeated. It is a national duty to encourage manliness, courage and physical development, and to discourage brutality, vulgarity and the obnoxious display of animal powers and passions.

Industrial Fighting

The fighting spirit crops out in business of all kinds, and incidentally it may be said that there was nothing more sordid or more brutal in the big prize fight than there is in the struggles which take place day after day in the stock exchanges and in the markets of the world. Prize-fighters must of necessity play according to the rules. Business men labor under no such necessity. A man can overcharge, use child-labor, adulterate his goods—in other words can hit below the belt, and it may go unnoticed. There are men in Canada who during the last four years have been fighting unfairly and they have been patted on the back rather than ruled out of the contest. Business competition is under existing conditions necessary and perhaps may be a spur to worthy activity. But nothing can more readily cultivate greed, dishonesty, uncharitableness and envy, than a too-zealous and selfish striving for industrial success. Competition may easily become anti-social. When its objective is monopolistic control as in the case of the big five meat-[illegible] then it is more threatening to social stability than the presence in the land of a host of anarchists.

What is Worth While

The only thing that is worthy in life is that which can be made universal. Kindliness and good-will can never become too common. But anger, coarseness, selfishness, brutality, are unworthy of humanity and must be discouraged.

And so it comes to this, that in sport as in business, there are practices to be commended and practices to be condemned. Personally and nationally the only way to success is the Christian way.

THE REAL BOLSHEVISTS

A STORY comes from New York. In various parts of the city are forums for free discussion of social religions and policital problems. One of the down town clergymen thought the church might do this kind of work and so announced as his topic for Sunday afternoon: "Shall Trotzky be invited to govern America?" He would introduce the subject and opportunity would be given for discussion.

Needless to say the church was crowded. The preacher began by saying: "America is the greatest country in the world. Its people are freest. The workingmen are happiest and best paid. The laws are the most just. The prospects are the brightest." And so on,—

Next he pictured conditions under the Bolshevists in Russia—the poverty, the crime, the lost morale, the degradation, the robbery, the condition of womankind, the lack of government, and the black outlook.

He concluded in his own emphatic way by saying that under the circumstances he would be —— before he would assist in supplanting the free ideal of America by the Bolshevistic ideal of Russia.

Then came the discussion. A young man with a foreign accent arose in one of the galleries. Said he, "Mr. Preacher, I have listened very patiently to all you have said, and am almost afraid to speak lest I come under your displeasure. I am no Bolshevist, though I know Russia well. Yet I cannot agree with all you have said, and I'll tell you why. Here in my hand is a copy of last night's paper. In it is a picture of a certain Mrs. G——, a beautiful woman. I understand she is a member of this church. There is also a picture of an ermine gown that was presented to this lady by her father. It is valued at $75,000. There is also a statement showing how many people assisted in making the gown. I need not go into details. What I want to ask you Mr. Preacher, is this: Will not the flaunting of wealth in this way, and this is only a single instance, will this not do more in one hour in New York to spread Bolshevism, than all the preaching of Trotzky in three years? What say you Mr. Preacher?"

Then there was silence, after which the young man pressed for an answer.

The preacher replied by saying that it would be unbecoming to discuss the lady's affairs in public, especially as she was not present at the meeting. Then he announced the meeting closed.

And that was the last meeting of a forum in this particular church.

Now there is a lesson here for more than the people of New York. It is easy for those in comfortable circumstances, and in affluence to sit back and condemn such agitations as we have lately witnessed. It is dead easy to call attention to Canada's progress and her prospects, yet who will deny that one of the causes of unrest to-day is the obnoxious display or the more objectionable hoarding of wealth by a few soulless speculators and bloodsuckers. Until we get rid of this breed there is no possible peace for Canada, by force or by any other means. The punishment and deportation of alien mischief-makers is right, but it is no more necessary than the punishment and imprisonment of those who are making illegal profits. There is nothing to be gained by shouting democracy unless we possess the spirit and follow the practices of true democracy. The essence of democracy consists on this that "each man love his neighbor as himself."

LOOKING FORWARD

VISITORS to Western Canada cannot fail to notice the number of flourishing concerns, now established or in the course of establishment. There are great mills, factories, stores, banks, distribution centres and storage plants .Yet it would be mistake to imagine that these alone will ensure national prosperity. Germany had everything of this kind and more, and yet she failed because of moral instability. So, for us as for all truly ambitious people, there is imposed the necessity of taking steps to cultivate in the minds of our growing children the habits, tastes and moral qualities which are the foundation of all excellence.

The reason for calling attention to this is that official pronouncements have over and over again called attention to the fact that our schools and churches are in a bad way because of lack of leadership. Where religion and education are inefficient the people perish.

It is said that the reason why men do not enter teaching is inadequate payment, and the reason why ladies move round from school to school or remain on teaching only a few years is the same. It is also said that Alberta is the most liberal of the three prairie provinces, and that she is gradually securing the greatest percentage of fully qualified teachers.

Now it is time for all our citizens to awaken. There is little to be gained in building up industrial and financial concerns and handing them over to people who are unworthy to manage them, and whose spiritual gifts have not been cultivated. Better culture and poverty than ignorance and wealth. Western Canada should be known not chiefly because some of its people are wealthy, but because all of its citizens are intellectually and morally of a high type. Whatever else we do we should make full provision for educating the children. As one of our leaders has said: "We are as yet but playing with this matter."

WHEN SCHOOL OPENS

BY the time this issue reaches its readers the children will be returning to school. There is nothing in which subscribers to a home journal should be more interested than the education of young people, and probably there is as much hope, sorrow and mingled feeling experienced on opening day as on any other day of the year. Yet, one can hardly shake off the impression that the general public have not quite the same confidence in the school that they had fifty or twenty-five years ago. The children are sent, because it is customary and legally necessary, and because there is something given them that they all need, but there is a more or less general impression, that a great deal of time is wasted and that a lot of the feeding that is done is useless.

There is reason for this. In the olden days the school stood for something very definite—instruction in the three R's plus the giving of a little useful information. All of this counted in life. But to-day this much alone is of very little value. A man may be able to read, write and cipher and yet be a very useless person and a very undesirable citizen. The school can no longer follow the narrow programme It is always folly to attempt to put old wine in new bottles. By this, it is meant that as social and economic conditions have completely altered in the last fifty years, as the home has ceased giving the culture that it formerly provided for both boys and girls, when it taught them trades and industries, and as there have arisen in these later times many and complex class distinctions, it is very plain that if the school is to prepare pupils for life it must follow a programme vastly different from that of the past.

How should a programme of school work be determined anyway? Does it not seem that everything that is done should help the pupils to a fuller, richer life, and make it easier for the people of the community to live together in a friendly way? A course of instruction that merely fits pupils to look out for themselves is miserably inadequate. It is, indeed, dangerous. The only reason for fostering ability in an individual is that he may use it for the good of his fellows. But the individual who is likely to be the most useful among his neighbors and likewise the most happy in his own life and most respected in his community, is he who has his powers developed to the utmost. Three things education should do for one. It should fill the mind with ideas and inspire it with high ideals; it should give some control over the material world; it should create a right attitude to society. If this be true, one can understand how important it is to study history, music and literature, geography, science, hand-work and mathematics, and how necessary it is to practice right behaviour.

The school is naturally conservative. Probably the parents as a class are a little more conservative than teachers. If we are wise we shall adapt educational methods to meet modern conditions. The starting point is to see clearly what can be accomplished. Really, if it were properly encouraged there is nothing the school could not do for individuals and community. But that would require radical measures. The chief trouble lies in the attitude of the public to the teaching body. Long ago in ancient Persia, the teachers were chosen from among the oldest, wisest and sanest of the citizens. Only those who had proven their ability in public service were allowed to instruct the youth. We hand the work over, very often, to young boys and girls, and they change around from post to post. The result is, of course, very unsatisfactory.

The greatest God-send to this country is not a fixed price for wheat, nor a forty-four hour day, but a good school system, in which young people are actually prepared for life and for living. This may mean, and will mean, reorganization and the discarding of old ideas, but it will also mean the salvation of the community.

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THE IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER
CANADA.

Somewhere in the Country

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Grace M. Lediard.

Somewhere, June, 1 1918

Dear Sis:—Well, I'm here if I'm not dreaming. Truly in the worst visions that have visited me there has never appeared anything so desolate as this place appeared to be in the glimpse I got of it last night.

The train was two hours late. That appears to be its habit, but that fact did not improve the temper of Mr. Thos. Johnston, my "boss." He was distinctly peeved and grumbled something about "women" being "always late."

I was so tired that the drive to the farm is just an aching memory. I do know that Mrs. Johnston greeted me with "awfully late. I suppose you want some thing to eat?." I did'ntso came to bed—but not to sleep. Too tired, I guess. That sleeplessness accountd for the fact that I am writing this very early Sunday morning. I wonder, I do most earnestly wonder, what we shall have for breakfast, and what is even more interesting to me just now, when we shall have it.

Lovingly, Betty.

Sunday Night.

Dear Gwen:—As I have learned there is no mail gathered today, I can add a little to the note I wrote this morning.

The breakfast I was longing for came at 7.30, which as you know, was a little early for me on Sunday morning, but it was evidently considered rather a luxuriously late hour by Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, whose morning greeting lacked something of warmth, though civil enough. They are apparently considerably in doubt as to whether they approve of farmerettes.

No doubt you wonder how I spent the day so I'll start with the breakfast. I never saw one like it, though I've read about them. It is easier to say what there was not than what there was on the table. There was no grapefruit, toast, marmalade or table napkins. Our ordinary breakfast, you see, entirely eliminated. How would you like that? There was, however, porridge and cream, bacon and eggs, bread and butter, applesauce and tea biscuits and tea. My hopes went up when I saw the tea pot but came down mighty fast when I saw the tea—green. Knowing how little I yearn for a "good, substantial breakfast" you wont be surprised that Mrs. Johnston observed somewhat tartly "I hope you are not one of the people who cannot eat plain food."

"This bacon is delicious" I said, and it wa—"but I have not been in the habit of eating much breakfast. Students often don't, you know."

"Well," she rejoined "you will have to eat more than that or you won't be much good on the farm."

"What am I to do first?" I asked.

"Oh!" she said, "He"—I found this was her pet name for Mr. Johnston—"did the chores this morning, but he will show you today where things are. Can you milk?"

Me milk! You know, Sis, I have hardly had a closer acquaintance with a cow than the milk bottle affords. Milk! what sort of a job will I make of that I wonder.

"Let me help you then" I offered. "I can wash dishes, anyway, and you can show me where to put them".

"Why! I don't expect you to help me." she answered quickly.

"Of course I may not be able to do it often, but I would like to now." I told her, and got to work.

I am sure she expected me to drop the dishes or to leave them dirty, or do something of the kind, for apparently she has the idea that anyone who works with their brains, must necessarily be awkward with their hands. You know, I really like house work and I thoroughly enjoyed working around with her in this lovely kitchen. This is none of your kitchenette things-the range alone would fill our kitchen in the apartment. Sometime I will describe the house to you more particularly, but today I can only tell you that it is big and comfortable, with many of the conveniences that one expects to find only in city houses, such as furnace and running water in kitchen and bathroom, and I feel as if I were going to like it, if not the people

About ten o'clock Mrs. Johnston asked if I would go to church. She evidently hardly knew whether to say they "expected the help to go," to suggest it as a favor to me, or invite it as a condescension on my part. If you were only here how we would enjoy things; half the fun of the situation is lost for lack of a kindred spirit.

Of course I went to church. You should have seen the appraising eye cast over me and particularly my clothes. I fancy I shall be considered as dressing

The sunny hours of childhood on the farm

very plainly comparing my outfit with those I saw there.

I loved the church service. I suppose the contrast between the building, congregation, choir and the preacher too, with what I have been accustomed to, gave it an impressiveness that it will never have again. The preacher is good. The choir might be better. I wonder if they would let me help them? Would they be patronizing to or overwhelmed by a soloist from a city church? Perhaps I had better be quiet anyway till I find out how a weeks farming serves me.

After dinner, Mr. Johnston took me around the farm buildings. Thanks be! I am not to milk. They have only three cows and evidently the milking of them is too precious a ceremony to be trusted to any green hand. I am to feed the beasts though, and have been instructed as to the amount and what. There seems to be an infinity of things that I don't know, and I feel like carrying a note book with me all the time.

Also I am to clean the cows and stall. I don't mind the cleaning, but how I am going to hide from Mr. Johnston and the cows that I am scared to death to touch them, I hardly know. Then there are the horses—they look enormous in the stalls, which make an unfamiliar environment for them so far as I am concerned, I am to clean and feed them too; also pigs, I am glad I got that Farmerette outfit after all.

As there is no service in the church here at night, I came up right after supper to write this.

I feel fine and dandy today and hope to find tomorrow not too bad. I am going to tackle that cow business alone-don't want anyone to see what a coward I am.

With piles and piles of love, Betty.

Wednesday, June 5th, 1918.

Dearest Sis:—Wednesday and Sunday will be my writing days. Writing is something, but what a joy it would be if I could run home every evening and talk it all over with you.

I left you last Sunday night to sleep; my room is comfortable and plain and probably the one usually given to the "help". My ivory toilet things look odd on the very rough dresser. You might send me a few of my own towels and some soap. I must not make any extra washing so will likely send them down and you can get them laundered with yours.

Monday morning I was awakened at five, and when I got down a little later, Mr. Johnston met me. He is quite pleasant but not what could be called cordial.

"You clean the cows and their stalls while I feed the horses and then I can milk while you clean the horses." He instructed me briefly.

Three cows—Rosy, Whitey and Spot. Rosy was at the far end of the stable and I decided to attend to her toilet first. The various utensils had been explained to me the night before and it all looked simple. It is too, I suppose, but the Scraper which in Mr. Johnston's hands seemed to be a light thing and easily handled, proved very heavy and unwieldy in mine.

The fork that he made carry safely, dribbled most provokingly in my hands. Before I had scraped and cleaned the apartments of Rosy, Whitey and Spot I had mighty aching arms. Then I approached with some reluctance, I admit, the toilet of Rosy. Instead of the stiff brush going through her hair in the smooth and easy manner it had under Mr. Johnston's manipulations, I found I had to use every bit of strength I had left. I felt it was a rough and indelicate way to treat a lady and felt somewhat like saying "I beg your pardon" when I struck a snag. I had finished Rosy and Whitey and was starting on Spot, who evinced more, I am sure, pardonable temper than either of the others, when Mr. Johnston arrived ready to milk. I must say I like the particular way in which they look after the milk here. He seemed to think I had done pretty well for a green hand. I wonder shall I ever feel brave enough to bang Rosy with my hand and tell her to "stand over" in a really firm voice.

I did not do much with the horses today, just fed and talked to them. I think I shall not be quite so uneasy with them as with the cows, though of course they appear perfectly monstrous in their stalls. The pigs, thank goodness, are not valeted with combs and brushes. The hens and other fowls are Mrs. Johnston's responsibility.

It has been a busy day, though I hardly know where the time has gone; I suppose I am slow doing things the first time.

It is lovely here out of doors. I wish you could smell the June smell in the country. It is quite different to the June atmosphere in the city, even in our part, and even different to the little sniffs we have had in your two weeks vacation at summer resorts. I can't describe it—it makes me too happy for description—I did not know there was anything in the world like it. There must be thousands of people besides me who have never been really in the country to stay any length of time. We have missed something wonderful, I am sure.

I forgot to say that in between learning about the toilet and diet of cows and horses I learned to distinguish weeds from corn and to recognize various implements of which I had only known the names before.

Good-night, dear! I'm aching and shall be stiff tomorrow, but it's been a lovely interesting day and I am more sleepy than I have been in months Hope you did not find the old office too bad today. Sleepily, Betty.

Sunday, June 9, 1919

Dear old Gwen:—Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday have gone and I have been here a whole week.

Of course I have done the same things every day, but now I am not nearly so apologetic to Rosy and her sisters about their toilet, and I even suggest to Jim, Jack and Jenny—the horses—that they "stand around there" in quite an authoritative tone. I admit—to only you—that I don't quite like it when they prance around and turn and nip at me, even though it be, as Mr. Johnston says, a sign that they "have taken to me." I never did approve of promiscuous osculation and would much prefer some less effusive way of showing their affection.

It has come! Of course Mr. and Mrs. Johnston know my name is Montgomery, but can you imagine a farmer saying "Miss Montgomery, have you fed the pigs?" You see the point? What were they to call me? If I were a man it would be "Montgomery, better feed the animals"—but to address a girl that way! So they have just said "you" when necessary. This got on my risibles and I had a wicked desire to see how long it could go on so, but they are both so really nice to me now I know their ways better that I couldn't keep it up, so at breakfast this morning I said "Mrs. Johnston, my first name is Betty. Won't you and Mr. Johnston call me that? It is short and easy to remember."

"Well, it will seem more friendly" Mrs. Johnston said, rather eagerly I thought, so now I am Betty to them both-and I really like it. Now chuckle! I can just hear you! Yes, some of my "offishness" as you call it has disappeared in this atmosphere, which is not quite congenial to it.

I do wish I could send you some of the air. I did not know there was such wonderful air in the world. We city people miss a lot, I can tell you. I am so well and contented, except when I want you, that I hate to think of coming back, though of course I may change my mind about that before I have been here a month let alone the three months I have contracted for.

I've really not given you a correct impression of this place and the Johnstons themselves. I should not have written about them the first night. No doubt they felt a good deal as I did—that they were meeting a sort of new creation. Mr. Johnston is about sixty-five, I think; a fine looking man, too. Mrs. Johnston may be six or seven years younger. I never notice her appearance except her eyes, which are lovely soft brown—"quiet eyes" you know. They are both gentle people. I cannot imagine them getting loud voiced or uncontrolled under any circumstances and of course I like that. Shrieking women and shouting men raise every bit of irritation in me.

There is an organ in the comfortable living room, which I shall try some day. Wish it was a piano.

By the way, the parcel of towels and things came yesterday, but I cannot use them now as I am afraid it would hurt Mrs. Johnston and anyway I notice she has put different ones for me since the first week.

No. Don't give Clarence my address. He does not fit here and I don't want to

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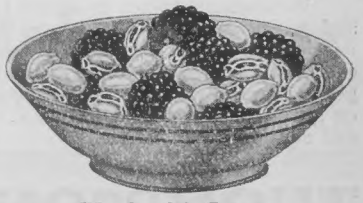

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see him. He was getting a little oppressive and a long distance consideration of him may help me to decide whether I could live with him. I know perfectly I can live pleasantly without him.

There was service here in the church only once today, in the afternoon. It seems that is the rule for alternate Sundays, there being both morning and evening service on the other Sunday. Mrs. Johnston introduced me to the Minister and his wife and some of the young people. They all seemed very nice and friendly but are rather jumbled up in my mind; I shall probably get them sorted out after a time, though so far there has been little leisure for sociability.

Had a lovely time helping get the dinner. It is some fun cooking here—such space, and such lovely butter, cream, eggs and everything to cook with. I made one of those "Snow puddings"; "Wind-pudding" you remember Ed. called it. I imagine he might like one in Belgium today. His last letter seemed to imply that there was something of a lack as to variety and service in the "chow."

This is a pretty long letter and it is getting on to sunset and I can't miss that even to write to you, though I will tell you where I am going to see it. Straight from the side door which opens from the lving room, there runs a path straight up through the orchard which is on the side of a hill sloping gently to the south and east. It is lovely, fragrant path these days. At the top of the hill there is a fence on the other side of which the ground drops gradually away into wide fields. There is no bush straight in the west. I found this place the other evening. There is a bar on the top of the fence where I can sit and lean against a post and look—and look—and look.—

Good-night, dear. I'm going to that fence post now. Lovingly, Betty.

Wednesday, June 12, 1918.

Dearest Sis:—The days since I wrote you last have been somewhat like those Mark Twain noted in that famous diary, "Got up, washed" etc., only with me it would be "Got up, washed, fed and cleaned cows, pigs and horses, hoed, weeded, fed and cleaned, and hoed and weeded"—ad libitum—no tad nauseam yet, but I have a fear that it may come to that after a time.

As it rained all day Tuesday I could not work outside so in the intervals between attending to the toilet and the meals of the "critters" I took a lesson in bread making, and also demonstrated to Mrs. Johnston that I could make pie. I made a lemon pie that was a dream; we three ate a whole one between us for dessert. I am getting to have an awful appetite. I no longer avoid bacon and eggs and everything else for breakfast. Mr. Johnston says I don't look nearly as "Peaked" as when I came. If that is achieved in ten days what will ten weeks do for me. We may need a larger apartment.

No, I will not write to Clarence. I dont want to be bothered. Its just like him to suggest "some farmer", and I know he added "lout," is taking my attention. My time and attention is very fully taken up with learning a little bit about a world where Clarence and his set would be strangely out of place and useless.

Tuesday evening I made a hit with my employers—already that seems a misnomer for them; they are more like friends, and I am sorrier every day for the nasty things I said in those first letters.

I had one of my hungers to play and sing. You know how I can seem to forget music for weeks at a time and then suddenly simply have to have some. I went into the sitting room in the dusk and found really a sweet little organ. For a few minutes I could not remember anything definate and then melodies came into my mind. It was a joy to me though I don't believe it was to the Johnstons. Then I sang one or two things I could remember, and soon after Mrs. Johnston asked if I knew "Mary of Argyle." Luckily for my musical reputation I remembered it. Then she brought an old book of Scotch songs and I sang most of them, though my English tongue made poor work of the words sometimes. In some of these Mr. and Mrs. Johnston sang too. I enjoyed the impromtu musicale, though you may find that hard to believe knowing how usually I hate to be spoken to when the mood is on me.

Tonight there is a sunset again so I will close now and go to my perch. When Gwen, old girl, did I ever have time before to sit and watch the sun set, and remember, I am "slaving on a farm".

I hope the office is not too dreadful just now. I hate to remember there is one for you to stifle in these gorgeous days. I never knew there was so much weather, or that in all its moods it could be so satisfying. What was the matter with those girls who said the country was killingly dull? Perhaps it is something the matter with me.

Lovingly, Betty.

Wednesday, June 19, 1918

Dear Gwen:—I missed writing on Sunday. Two church services filled the interstices of time between the necessary attentions to my equine, bovine and porcine charges.

Fancy Mrs. Johnston must have told someone I can sing for this morning after the service I was interviewed by the preacher and choir leader and as a result I went into the choir tonight and sang "The Plains of Peace." While singing I could readily believe that I was looking past my hill-crest into the beautiful, peaceful miles toward the sun.

The choir leader proves to be our next neighbor on the sunset side, probably the man I had seen in the distance. I must ask Mrs. Johnston how he lost his eye. That is all I noticed about him except that he has an exquisitely soft, clear tenor—think we could sing together, maybe.

This is a short note, but I am tired tonight and five o'clock comes early to such a sleepyhead as I am.

Wish I could send you a room full of the sweet scents that are flowing in at my window. Yes, there are mosquitos and other such, but they can't fill all the lovely space. I never had enough room before even out of doors; yet it is not quiet here.

A Health-Bringer!

Make your morning cereal dish a strengthener.

Grape-Nuts

is not only most delicious in taste, but is a builder of tissue.

"There's a Reason"

—the air is full of lovely sounds. You would agree with me if you were here.

Heaps of love, Betty.

P.S.—Bother Clarence. I Won't write to him. If you would just tell him exactly what I say he would stop worrying you about me.

July 3, 1918

Sister mine:—That twice a week correspondence seems to be petering out, and note-not altogether on my side. I have not heard from you before for three weeks and it is two weeks since I wrote.

What have I been doing? Well, there are always my four-footed charges to be looked after and for the last few days I have been picking berries. At first I found it hard work, but am getting used to it now. Great crop this year, I am told. I am very sure I never knew the real flavor of berries before. I eat as I pick, and we have them for all meals, mostly with cream such as your silly City Dairy never dreamt of.

So you get your vacation the last two weeks of this month. Come out here for one week-the first-and then you will stay for the second. There is a nice place near here where you can board. Do come, Sis! You won't want to think of a Muskoka hotel after you have been in the real country.

I have become acquainted with a number of young people, mostly girls of course, as the men are in the army. It is wonderful the way the women are doing the work necessary to raise and save food now the men are away. They form a real Army too, though without the glory the men have, and also without the excitement the city war workers seem to enjoy so much. These women just work-hard, physical work that some of them are hardly more used to than I am. They are fine.

I've discovered that our neighbor and choir leader is a returned soldier. Was among the first to go and to come back with one eye gone. His mother died while he was away and he now lives in the big farm home alone except for a house-keeper, whom he says he keeps for her pleasure rather than for his. Mrs. Johnston says she is disgracefully lazy and that "Jack" is too easy going with her. His name is John Harrington. The Johnstons seem to be fond of him and he has been here twice in the last ten days. We have had some good old-fashioned singing, all four of us sometimes and sometimes Mr. Harrington and I sing a duet, or we sing alone. I wish you could send me a parcel of duets from my cabinet. He reads as well as I do, better than I can when I have to play, but I know most of those songs. I wish you could see us eat doughnuts and drink milk after an evening of singing. It would kill me at home but someway the combination here does not give me a single qualm.

Let me know if you decide to come. I really think you would find it a splendid rest and change, and I confess to being homesick for a sight of you. I feel such a pig having this good time while you are stewing away there.

Oh, I'm sleepy, sleepy. Good-night, dear.

Betty.

Sunday, July 6, 1918.

Good! So you're coming! When I told Mrs. Johnston she said to ask you to come here and stay. I said you would not unless you paid your board and finally made her promise to take $4.00 a week, compare that with Muskoka prices, not to compare the board. She says she would rather not take any from my sister, now, see how nice she must think me. I will get your room ready for you by the 17th. It is right next to mine, which I may say, is not the one I had at first. I am sure you will love it here.

It is just like Clarence to think because I've come across a man who can sing that I'll fall in love with him. Clarence can sing like an angel, but I am more sure than ever that I am not in love him, at least not while I am here. He does not fit in this picture.

Thanks for the music. We went through most of it last night. It was a rest after the long day. We work late now to get the fruit picked without loss. Tonight we sang one of the duets at the church and Mrs. Johnston said it was "like heaven", which was nice of her though unduly flattering. However, it is nice to sing with a voice that matches. That's an odd sentence, but you know what I mean.

Mrs. Johnston told me about her grand-son today. They both feel it very keenly that he was drafted as he was barely draft age and their only help on the farm. He is in England and writes them such nice letters. His parents died when he was a little child and this is the only home he has known. I hope it will come about that the war will be over before he is sent to France.

I have wondered about the heavier work of the farm and learned only the other day that Mr. Harrington is looking after that together with his own farm work with what help he has been able to get. The Johnstons think a great deal of him.

I don't know what else to tell you about what I am doing. As I said at first so much of it is the same thing or the same kind of thing, over and over, so that I have only told you of some of the things outside the routine. As to why I am so interested and happy, I can't put that into

"Wintertime"

By Isobel Wilson

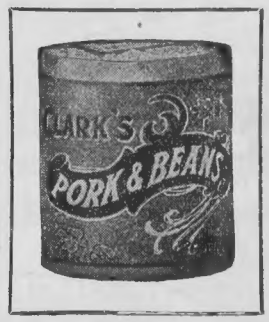
When blow the cold winds from the north,
Shaking the bare trees back and forth,
It's wintertime.
And softly falling white snowflakes
On the brown earth a carpet makes,
In wintertime.

Then frost bespangles everything,
And birds haste south until the spring,
In wintertime.
When folks to town their journeys take,
The sleigh-bells merry music make,
In wintertime.

Then warmly-clad the children play
Out with toboggan and with sleigh,
In wintertime.
With eyes so bright and cheeks aglow,
All heedless of the frost and snow,
In wintertime.

'Tis then the nights are dark and long,
The coyote howls his mournful song,
In wintertime.
But snug within by stove's warm glow
We sit around and read or sew,
In wintertime.

Life "Life," it passes day by day,
Some mornings bright and others grey,
In wintertime.
Then let us each do all we can,
To help and cheer our fellow man,
In wintertime.



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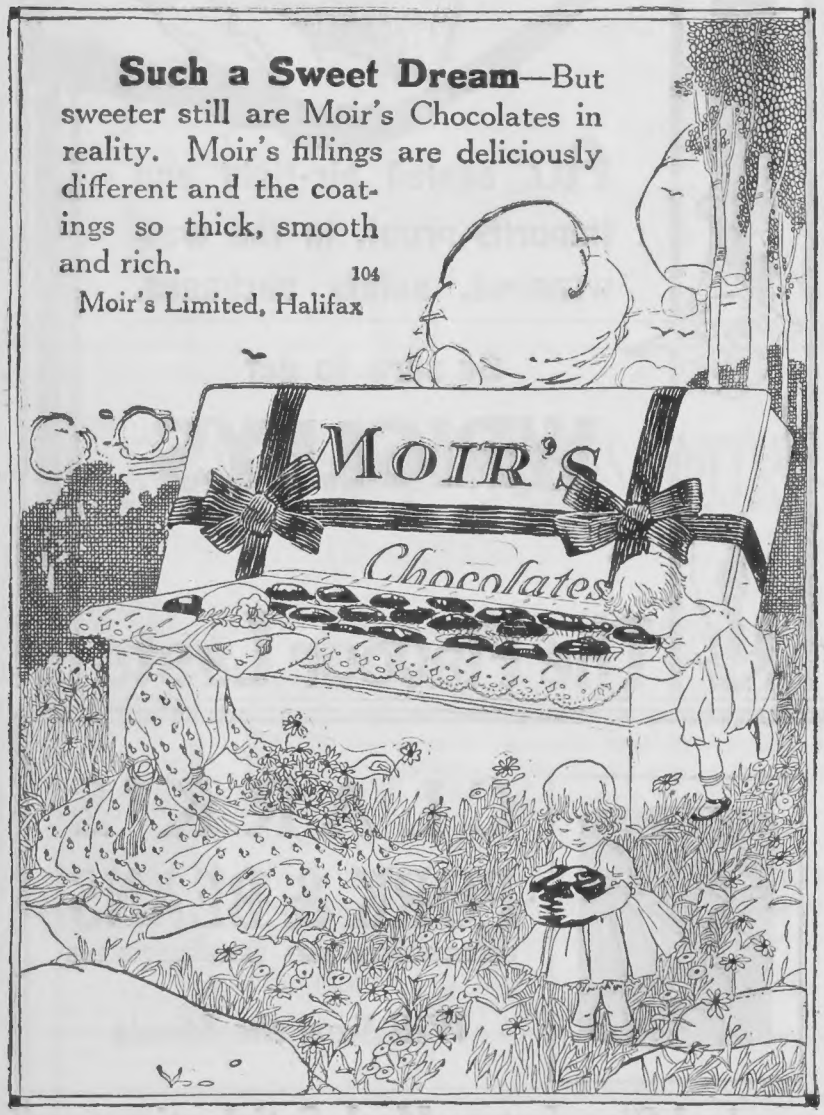

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words at all adequate, but it is in the essential difference between the life here and that of the city. Not any one thing, but a wonderful effect of space and rest. I never worked so many hours a day in my life, but it is years since I felt so rested and leisurely, so mentally and soulfully-if there is such a department of me-at ease and unhurried. I suppose College and University life are pretty crowded and that here there are fewer kinds of of things to do. You will understand when you have lived here a few days. It still seems a long time to wait for you. but I know how fast they will slip away.

In love and haste, Betty.

July 13, 1918

Oh, Sis:—No letter at all last week from you, but as I missed too I have not a word to say. The way the days slip away and pile themselves into weeks is appalling. These past days seem to have been full of work and—yet it is happiness too, though I don't know just why. Physical fitness has much to do with it; the blue and white of skies, green of trees and grass, rose and gold of sunsets, sweet messages of the wind-oh, everything.

I'll meet you myself on the 17th. Can you visualize me driving a spanking team? I can do it, and without danger to your precious neck too. I have learned to use my hands and head in new ways since I have been here.

Hurry, hurry Wednesday night, and Gwen!

Betty.

P.S.—Certainly Clarence cannot come if it depends on my pleasure. Even if you want him there is no boarding place within five miles that will take him, and that one is wretched. He would not stay there six hours. B.

August 3, 1918.

Dearest Gwen:—I was glad to get your note saying you were safely back home and glad too that you had a pleasanter time at the Royal Muskoka than here. I admit, I can't understand it, even adding the charms of Clarence to those of hotel life. However, everyone to his taste and though of course I was disappointed at the shortness of your visit here, I would not for worlds have had you miss getting the fullest possible enjoyment out of your far too short vacation.

I had a letter from Clarence the other day. I am answering it. He may speak to you of it and I want you to know and to tell him you know that I don't, can't, never did and never can love him. More than that, he really does not care for me, but is so obstinate, faithful, I suppose I should say, that he won't admit of either of these truths to his mind.

Busy! Well, I'm too tired to play or sing these hot nights and just lie in the hammock till bed time. That office of yours and also the flat will be very furnace-like I fear. It cools off here in the evening and the early morning is most wonderful. Such rose and grey at sunrise, and impossible as it must seem to you if you remember my sleepiness, I am wide awake and able to appreciate these early glories.

Just four weeks till I must come back. I dread it in many ways but no doubt will soon shake down to work again.

Lots of love from Betty.

August 28, 1918

Dear Gwen:—Well, I'll be home on Saturday on the evening train. Don't bother meeting me. You will be tired and I'll come right up.

You don't know how glad I am that you and Clarence have at last discovered what I have felt sure of for a long time. Clarence is fine even if he does not like the country, but neither do you, so you can confide in one another your doubts of my real niceness because I do love it. I do love it and intend to work so hard this winter that there will be no doubt of my graduating next spring and then I shall be ready for the country again if not as. "Farmerette" as teacher or farmer. Surely a woman could learn to run a little farm, and have room to breath in.

Till Sartuday, Betty.

The Desolate Country,
Sept. 1, 1918

Dearest Betty:—Was it yesterday you left or a week ago? It seems fully the week. You are not a very large person but your absence has occasioned an enormous vacancy. The whole district seems oddly spacious. The Choir seemed sparsely filled this morning because there was no dear, dark head in front of me; the singing had no warmth lacking your voice; the church looked grey and cold because you were not there; The Johnstons took me home to dinner with them out of pity, I know, and their house was strangely empty and our talk pointless and uninteresting and not worth while, because we all missed you. I came home by way of our sunset seat, and there the lack of you was poignant. At this spot so dear to me now because of you, I watched the sunset alone and lingered in the twilight to live again some of the sweet hours we spent together there, only two evenings ago.

Darling, I can hardly yet believe that you love me and my country life too. I told Mrs. Johnston this afternoon as you said I might and they are so pleased though they pretend to be annoyed at me for stealing their next summer's "farmerette". May next summer come soon!

With all my heart and life, your lover

John Harrington.

THE RIVER'S SONG

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by Lyn Tallman

The river runs complaining
Over the white stones:
She hisses when its raining,
When it shines, she drones.

She sings a plaintive ditty
With rhythm as of wings;
Even in the murky city
She pitifully sings.

And I, who in the city
For light and country long,
Find solace in the pity,
The pity in her song.

CHANGE

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by Lyn Tallman

O bare black tree
So softly blown,
Where have your summer beauties flown?
But yesterday you had a crown
Of giddy green,
An' rumpled gown.

Is this your soul
Comes drifting like
A nimbus o'er each withered spike?
Is it your eye that dimly glows
Through ravaged branches
Huddled close?

I think you mourn
Last May's wee nest
Stern Cold hath pillaged out your breast,
An' be unhappy there alone:
O bare black tree
So softly blown.

THE WIND

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by Lyn Tallman

The Wind is a beautiful boy
Who walks with his sister, the Rain;
He whispers; he whistles his joy,
And taps with his wings on the pane.

And ever with scamper and cry
There hurtles a witch at his heels
Who sweeps up the clouds from the sky,
And smooths down the grass where he kneels.

He walks with his sister, the Rain;
And when their house-cleaning is done,
When all is made rosy again,
He kneels to his princess, the Sun.

A LOST LESSON

"Now, children," said the teacher, "I have been talking about cultivating a kindly disposition, and I will now tell you a little story. Henry had a nice little dog, gentle as a lamb. He would not bark at the passers-by or at strange dogs, and would never bite. William's dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs, or flying at the hens and cats, and several times he seized a cow. He barked at strangers. Now, boys, which dog would you like to own—Henry's or William's?" The answer came instantly, in one eager shout, "William's!"

The Wall Between

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Tina Forrester Best

IT WAS the last night of her holiday, a night she would long remember for its beauty and witchery, its haunting loveliness. A full-orbed moon flooded the world with silver, and threw long shadows over the pines that fringed the mountain lake. A faint breeze stirred the air, bringing with it the mingled fragrance of rose and honeysuckle.

Janet leaned from the window that she might enjoy the wonder of it all. From the wide verandah below came the murmur of voices and the merry ripple of careless laughter. Strains of music from the hotel orchestra floated up to her, and she could hear the tripping feet of the dancers in the big pavilion.

It was a night for love and laughter, and Janet felt strangely alien to it all. Some element had disturbed the calm flow of her existence, and for the first time in her life, the full force of her position came to her. She was alone in the world. To-morrow she would leave here, go back to the work she had chosen, and of all the throng below, who would really miss her? She has made many friends during her fortnight's holiday at Crystal Beach and the Willow Inn, where she had boarded, but even the best of these would soon forget her.

And it might have been different. For the first time, she allowed herself to dwell on the fact that her isolation was the fruit of her own deliberation. Years before she had been offered love and a home, and she had refused both. Life was full of opportunities then, and she was young and ambitious. Marriage to her offered no incentive to development or accomplishment. It would kill individuality, she had said. This was the answer she had given John Stevens, and he had accepted her choice so conclusively, that she had never seen him since. He had left their small home town for other parts, and she, herself, had gone to a larger place to follow her plan of life.

So well had she succeeded, that she was now practically business head of a large retail house, and drew a salary that many men could envy. Others had asked her hand in marriage, but she enjoyed her work and independence too well to sacrifice it for any man.

And yet, to-night, as she watched the couples on the moon-bathed beach, life seemed strangely empty and unsatisfying. What was it she had missed? She had money, social position, cultured companionship and absolute freedom to do as she willed. Why, then, this unrest, this sense of incompleteness?

She rose presently, and began to disrobe for the night. Her train left early in the morning, and she needed added sleep.

As she loosened her heavy coil of burnished hair to give it the usual careful brushing, she leaned forward to the mirror with a little exclamation of dismay. A gray hair! Not only one—there were several in the thick meshes.

To Janet, with her splendid pulsing energy, age was a thing to be dreaded, and gray hair was the forerunner, the herald of old age. As she sat there staring at her reflection in the glass, she felt as if the first knell of vanished youth had rung. She looked down the long vista of years, and saw herself old and alone, no longer wanted in the business arena where she had been so successful. The young and modern were given preference here. Strange she had not thought of that last before. Then she picked up the brush again, and drew it vigorously across her head. Such forebodings were too morbid, absolutely absurd. She was only thirty-two. Let the years take care of themselves. It would be long before she would be laid aside.

But the thought had come to stay, and she went to sleep to dream that her hair was snow-white, and that she had lost her position because of it. She had sought other employment, but everywhere the answer was the same: "We want up-to-dateness. Your age is against you." Finally, when she had lost everything—money, position, friends—she met John Stevens. He had appeared before her suddenly, to gaze mockingly at her shabby clothes, her unkept appearance.

The dream changed, and John Stevens was married. She saw him bending over a child's cot, soothing its fretful cry. A beautiful woman stood beside him, and a mad jealousy seized her as she saw her watching with love's recognized possession in her eyes.

She wakened with a start. The clothes were thrown back, and the wind, which had risen through the night, swept chillingly through the room. In the adjoining room a child's cry sounded plaintively, and a man's voice could be faintly heard. Janet smiled to herself. This accounted for her dream; she had been half awake. Some one had come in on the late train, and she wondered sleepily who it was.

When she wakened again, the sun was shining. The baby's cry had changed to a prattle, and Janet lay there listening to its soft little voice, smiling at its gurgling laugh, its funny little questions. She could hear the mother's answers, and she knew by her happy, contented voice that here was a woman whose life was complete.

Suddenly, the sense of utter aloneness possessed her again, but with different effect. She knew, now, the reason of her unrest, her feeling of unfulfillment. She had grasped at what she thought was the kernel of life and had found only the empty shell.

An hour later, she had dressed and breakfasted, and stood talking to the hotel manager while she waited for the bus which would convey passengers to the station.

"You'll be back next year, I hope, Miss Archibald," said the manager. "We like to see our patrons returning."

"I hope so," replied Janet. "I've enjoyed myself very much."

Her eye fell on the register, and she paused abruptly. There, in startling vividness, was the name: "John Stevens, wife and child."

She stood staring at it, unconscious that the manager was watching her curiously. Room sixteen! Then they

Cool Comfort

It's Sunday morning—blazing hot, and pretty near a whole day before you for rest and recreation.

First, then—a shave. Whether you are going for a spin in the car, taking the family to church or visiting a neighbour, you cannot go with a day's growth of beard on your chin.

The thought of shaving won't be irksome if you own a Gillette Safety Razor—rather, you think of five minutes' cool comfort with the highest type of shaving edge ever developed. No man in the world can command a keener blade than the one you slip into your Gillette.

And if Gillette shaving gives you an added joy to your Sunday, why not take five minutes every morning for a clean shave as the start for a better day's work.

Gillette

Safety Razor

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For $5.00—the price of the Gillette Safety Razor — you have your choice of the Standard Gillette sets, the Pocket Edition sets (just as perfect, but more compact), and the Bulldog Gillette with the stocky grip. Ask to see them TODAY at the jewellers', druggists' or hardware dealers.

525

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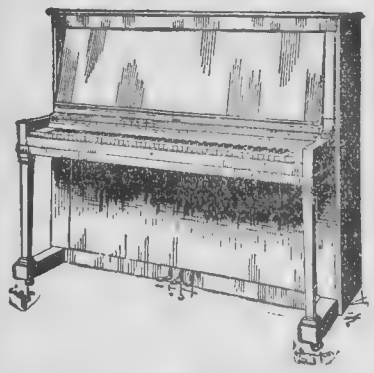

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These special terms have been arranged to meet the convenience of the farmers of Western Canada. In addition we make possible still greater savings for larger cash payments.

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Minard's Liniment

had occupied the room adjoining her's, and the happy-voiced woman had been his wife, the child, his child!

"The bus is here, Miss Archibald." The manager's voice roused her to a sense of her surroundings and her need of control.

She smiled faintly and held out her hand. "Thank you very much for the pleasant time you have helped to give me," she said, with a nervous warmth which did not escape him. He watched her as she entered the cab and drove away. What had caused the beautiful and composed Miss Archibald to turn so pale, and to speak with such ill-concealed dismay?

To Janet, the journey back to the city seemed interminable. She wanted to reach the privacy of her own rooms where she could shut out inquisitive faces, forget the words that danced before her eyes—John Stevens, wife and child. Would the dumb ache at her heart never cease? Why, after all these years, should she learn that he was anything to her? She had always known that he was free to marry; why should the knowledge that he had married give her such pain?

They were skirting the edge of a marsh, a dreary looking place with its black pools of water and treacherous looking ground. Janet shivered as she looked at it. Could life, she wondered, be as desolate as that?

There was a sudden shock, a jarring, grating noise, and the train came to a standstill. The passengers rose excitedly and rushed to the door. Janet rose with them, but paused, irresolute. Hers was a well controlled nature; there might, after all, be no cause for alarm.

Presently, one of the passengers came back to tell her that a car was derailed, and that they would have to remain here until it was put in position.

Janet settled herself again in the seat. The car had quickly emptied, but she had no desire to mingle with the crowd. She craved solitude, even though her own company must mean misery.

She rested her head on her hand and gazed wearily out of the window at the bleak marsh. This was the place, she remembered, that the government proposed draining. What an immense amount of work! Work—how glad she would be to get back to it once more! It was the only thing to help her forget, and she would more than ever throw her unbounded energy into it.

All at once she was aware that some one had entered the car and was watching her. Though she could not see, she distinctly felt the eyes of the person on her. She turned her head, and as she did, the last vestige of color left her face.

At the far end of the car a man was standing, regarding her with mingled surprise and tenderness in his fine eyes. He had the mark of the out-doors about him, in his bronzed face and glowing vitality, in the health and resolute purpose that he radiated.

He flushed as her gaze fell on him, then, as she rose to her feet with incredulous eyes, he came forward with the old vigorous swing, and took her hand in the strong clasp she remembered so well. What was he doing here? Was it possible that he had boarded the train at the same station as she?

"How are you?" he said warmly. "This is an unexpected pleasure. You're looking—well, a bit pale; if you don't mind me saying so. Been working hard?"

"Dissipating, you mean," she answered with a forced laugh. Through the medium of his natural greeting, she had regained her poise. "I've been holidaying, and am just returning to work." Evidently, he had not seen her at the hotel. "But I am in splendid health. You look well yourself."

"I ought to be," he replied. "My work takes me out of doors constantly. I've spent most of my time right here at this marsh. A dreary looking place, isn't it? But it will look different in a few years' time."

In answer to her questioning look, he continued. "The government intend draining it, if feasible, and it can be done. It's a big undertaking, but it's worth the trouble and expense."

He spoke with the enthusiasm and mastery that was so a part of his nature. Janet remembered his joy in conquest, he had always said that obstacles should prove a stimulus. And apparently, he had overcome several when the government had chosen him to estimate the expense of such a scheme. She knew it was an honor, the recognition of ability, and the fact that he had been so modest in the intimation of his appointment, raised him in her estimation. He was a man one might be proud of. She admired success above all other qualities.

One might be proud of! She had almost forgotten that it was some other woman who had the right to be proud of him. She turned her head that he might not see the pain in her eyes.

"I am on my way now to turn in my report," he added. "After that will come the real work of course."

She turned to him again. "You have succeeded wonderfully," she said, speaking with well-assumed warmth. "I—I'm sure your wife must be proud of you." It was a hard thing to say, but Janet knew that sooner or later she must recognize the existence of his wife.

A bewildered look passed over his face. "My wife!" he exclaimed. Then, with a laugh, "I don't know that she'd have anything to be proud of, even if I were the possessor of a wife, which, unfortunately, I'm not."

Hiding from father

It was Janet's turn for bewilderment. She looked dazedly at him for a moment, then the embarassed colour stained her smooth cheeks. "But," she queried, "I thought—didn't you register at the Willow Inn last night?"

He shook his head in negation. "Was there a John Stevens registered there?"

"With his wife and child," she explained, and her voice trembled slightly.

"I camped beside the marsh last night," he said. "It must have been another John Stevens. It's a common name."

Many an Off-Color Day is due to a disturbed digestion. Tea or coffee is often the mischief-maker.

If you have suspicions about tea or coffee, try

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

He paused and looked at her in a way that brought added colour to her face. "There was only one woman that I wanted for my wife, and she preferrred a career. I've never met any one that has taken her place."

Janet's heart leaped with sudden joy. He was free yet! Her eyes fell under the warmth of his gaze. "Perhaps," she murmured, "the career has helped her to appreciate a home."

"Janet, do you mean it?" he asked with boyish eagerness, taking both her hands in his. "You have done so well with your work, I was afraid you would never think of me. I can't offer you wealth, dear, but I'll give you all the love that has been wasted these long years, and—"

"A home, sweet home," finished Janet softly. There was a shadow of tears in the starry eyes she lifted to his, she was thinking of her dream, and of the contented-voiced woman.

THE RETURNED HERO'S WOOING

By Grace G. Bostwick.

"Gosh kid, but you look good to me, all right."
That's what I thought, but what I spilled was just:
"The weather's getting pretty cold to-night,"
And then I sat there like a boob and fussed.

"Your eyes would put the sunshine out of biz!"
I said beneath my breath, while, with a sigh,
I asked the time and muttered low, "Gee whizz!"
And listened to the cars go skootin' by.

"You're just the sweetest thing God ever made!"
Was what I tried to say, but holy smoke!
I sneezed just like a bloomin' hand grenade.
And then it was I really up and spoke.

And said—what do you think? Why, sufferin' cats!
I didn't say a word, 'cause, after all,
That precious kid was in my arms and—rats,
I hadn't any time to talk a-tall!

All's Fair in Love and War

A soldier belonging to a brigade in command of a general who believed in a bachelor army, asked permission to marry, as he had two good-conduct badges and money in the savings-bank.

"Well, go away," said the general, "and if you come back to me a year from to-day in the same frame of mind you shall have my full permission and a little present to back it up."

On the anniversary the soldier repeated his request.

"But do you really, after a year, want to marry?" inquired the general in a surprised tone.

"Yes, sir; very much."

"Sergeant-Major, take his name down. Yes, you may marry. I never believed there was so much constancy in a man or woman. Right face! quick march! You have my blessing."

As the man left the room he hesitated for a moment, then, turning his head, he said, "Thank you, sir; but you see. sir, it isn't the same woman."

What it Was Troubled Him

An old Scotch fisherman was visited during illness by a clergyman, who wore a close-fitting clerical waistcoat, which buttoned behind. The clergyman asked the old man if his mind was perfectly at ease. "Oo, ay, I'm a' richt; but there's just ae thing that troubles me, and I dinna like to speak o't." "I am anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman; "tell me what perplexes you." "Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westkit."

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

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Wives of Doctors
Don't Have Corns

Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

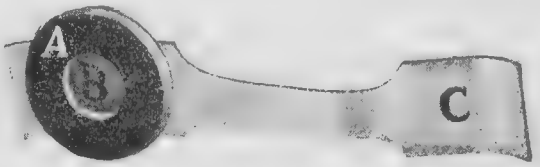
Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gentle undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

B&B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Limited **Chicago, Toronto, New York**

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products (987)

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Bust—34 to 42 in. Color—Gray

1T335—Here is a very Special Bargain in a House Dress of dark gray print. Garment has ¾ length sleeves, patch pocket and opens at front. This is a grade that has sold for near $2.00 during the past few years, but a lucky purchase by us makes this Big Value possible. The supply is limited, so order early.

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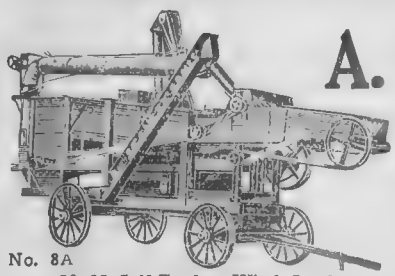

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COMPLETE OUTFITS, engines and separators, from **$743.00 to $1,387.00.** Threshers alone from **$457.00 to $860.00.** We have a thresher for any engine from **3 H.P. up to 30 H.P.**

If you don't want to pay as much as advertised then buy the very same machine with the same engine and mount it on your own wagon, using Straw Carrier, Batteries, and Plain Iron Pulley, which, with the freight prepaid, will

COST $817.00

No. 4—Combination 28-36 Separator, Hand-Feed, Wind Stacker, 11 H.P. Engine, Clutch Pulley, Oscillating Magneto, all Belts.

ALL FREIGHT PAID

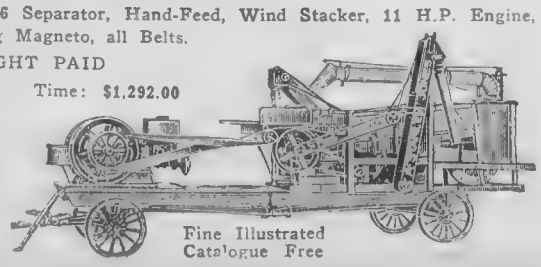
Cash: $1,149.00 Time: $1,292.00

No. 4A—Same as above, but with Self-feeder, instead of Hand-feed.

Cash: $1,244.00

Time: $1,387.00

Capacity: About 700 wheat and 1,200 oats per day



Fine Illustrated Catalogue Free

A Pioneer Trip

Written for The Western Home Monthly By D. E. Nimmons

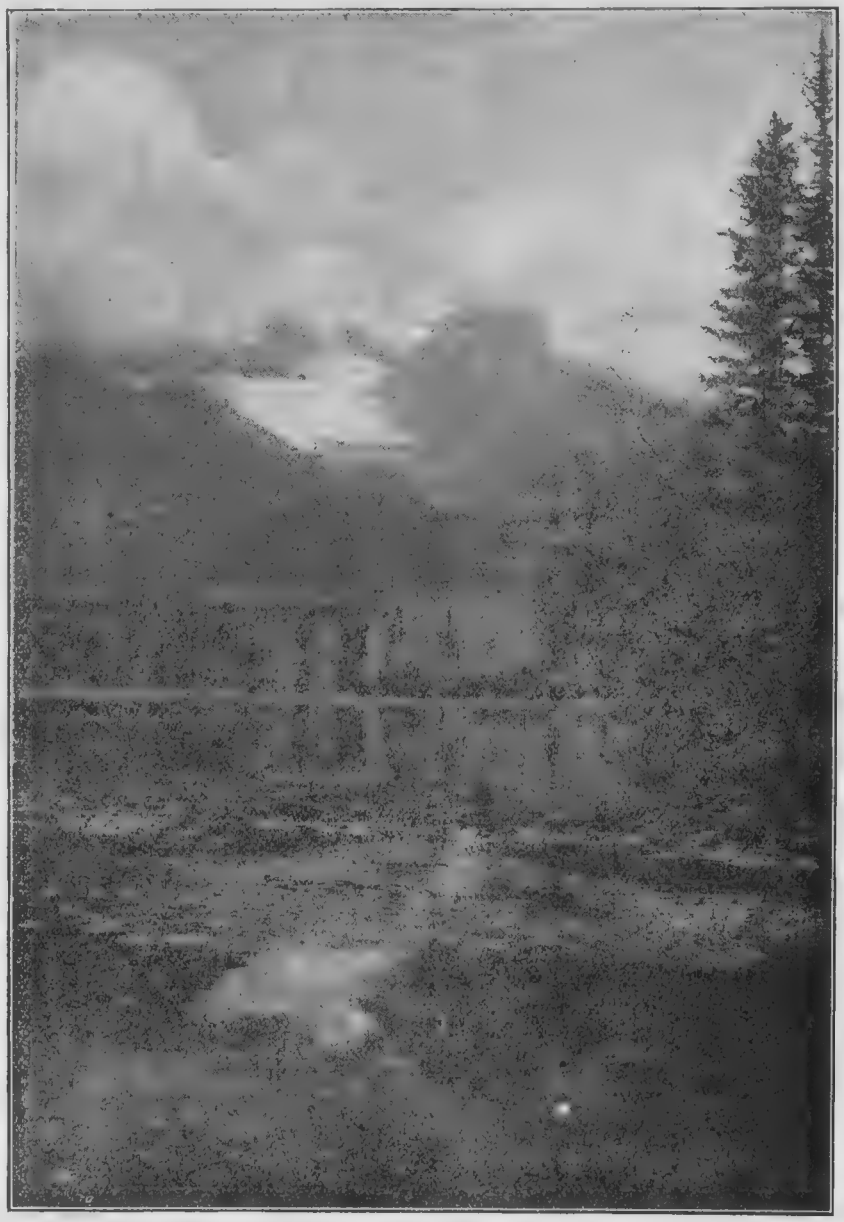
TRAVELLING in luxury across the continent in a swiftly flying car, surrounded by every modern comfort, snugly esconced in an easy chair, it is difficult to realize that less than fifty years ago a horse or an ox, and by good luck, a democrat, were considered a luxurious way of getting over the ground. A most hazardous trip west was that made by a friend of mine, who, as we sat in comfort looking over the fleeting prairie contrasted it with his first trip west in 1870.

In those days the railroad only extended as far as St. Paul; the rest of the journey had to be made with wagons through miles of prairie and brush following a trail made by the half-breeds. The country was in an unsettled state; the Indians roved in wild liberty about the plains resenting the coming of the white man, only a few of whom had ventured to settle there. Only three years before the terrible massacre of the whites by the Souix Indians had taken place and many of their number had gone to Manitoba in order to escape the well-merited punishment that the United States government was seeking to effect. The half-breeds in Manitoba had caught the prevailing spirit of unrest and were hostile to all newcomers entering their grounds. Stirred up by Reil, who was a natural leader, they looked upon all whites as intruders of their native rights.

In spite of all this it was decided to go to Manitoba from where stories of its rich and productive soil had floated to the east. The family of which Will Benton was the eldest, then a lad of sixteen, having come by rail to St. Paul, left there one bright morning, the outfit consisting of a wagon and team of horses, followed by a lighter vehicle drawn by a single horse and loaded with supplies. There was no settlement from which supplies could be obtained between St. Paul and Fort Garry, and it was a tedious, dangerous and difficult path that led there. A journey of five hundred miles lay before them and well might they have feared had they realized the hardships into which they were entering.

The trail led forth into a still, solemn plain. Every twenty or thirty miles they would come across a pile of ashes, the remains of some shack burnt by the Indians in the late massacre, a gruesome reminder of present danger; or they would meet a solitary Indian who would stop, grunt and pass on.

It was at the end of a couple of days travelling that they met their first difficulty. A narrow stream lay before them, apparently shallow, but upon examination proving to be running along in a deep cut of six or seven feet. Fording the stream was impossible. Finally the wagons were taken apart, Will swam the stream and upon a hastily built raft the wagon boxes, the cargo and the family were all pulled across by a rope, the horses swimming behind. Then there still remained the wheels. These were tied with a rope, the end flung across to the other side and they were dragged through the water. Then the work of putting together the various parts commenced. The flour, sugar and clothing were wet and had to be spread out to dry. What was the consternation when the discovery was made that one of the nuts from the wagon wheel had disappeared! Probably it had slipped off when in the water. It was almost impossible to continue the journey with the wheel in continual danger of coming off, yet it was a serious matter to retrace their steps to St. Paul for such a small thing. That was the first time that the discovery was made of something forgotten; it was not the last. In the faint hope of recovering the missing article Will dived several times and was wading from the water in despair when his foot touched



Northern aspect of Hudson's Bay Mountain, with glacier in the background.

the missing nut. With a whoop of exultation the nut was replaced and the journey continued.

A week more of slow onward travelling and the road led through a muddy slough. Will, driving the foremost team, saw one of the leading horses suddenly slip. Unwisely they were urged forward with the result that soon two of the horses were down and all four wheels of the wagon hopelessly embedded in the slime. Desperate efforts were made to get out, but the animals only floundered deeper in an apparent.y bottomless hole, until they lay there exhausted. So terrible was the nature of the place that it took them two days to finally get extricated from the place. A camp had to be made for the night and a hoist was built to drag the poor animals from their miry bed. The wagons had to be unloaded, taken apart and carried out piece by piece, then cleaned and put together again. The whole party were utterly exhausted when at length they were ready to proceed, with horses, wagons, bedding and almost everything in an unspeakably muddy condition.

It was after this experience that the horses first showed signs of losing their strength. Their helpless struggles had sapped their vitality, and the change in climate had wrought its hardships. An extra supply of oats was fed them with the result that the supply diminished rapidly and later the store became exhausted. Thereafter all sloughs were carefully avoided and many extra miles were travelled in order to avoid a repetition of a similar experience.

Day after day of weary travelling. The sun blazed down with a scorching heat. The promised land seemed no nearer. The road became more dry and dusty; then a sudden gust of wind would come up and fill eyes, ears and mouth with sand. How refreshing the little streams would be then, and how joyfully the weary travellers would spring from the wagon to drink of the cold stream and bathe in its refreshing waters.

About noon one hot tiring day trees were discerned ahead and soon the Ottertail river came into view. After a shot halt an attempt was made to ford the river, but the river was deep and had a strong current. In attempting to turn around and regain the bank the wagon was almost overturned, and it was only by a miraculous guidance that seemed to lead their travels that they managed to scramble up onto the bank with nothing worse than wet clothing. Here a halt had to be made, trees felled and a large raft built. By the next day this was completed, family and goods were loaded in while the horses swam behind. In crossing a bag of flour and beans were accidently knocked into the water. This was a serious matter, as food was already becoming scarce and while beans, pemmican and flour remained, many of the smaller articles of food such as tea and sugar had been used up. They had reckoned upon getting game and fish by the way but game was scarce that year and the finny tribe had refused to do their bit. The oats, by this time were all gone, and the horses were steadily growing weaker on the prairie grass which was their only support.

About a day's journey from the Ottertail they were fortunate in meeting the Canadian troops, a detachment which was making its way from Pembina to Abercrombie. All men were brothers in those days and provisions seemed to be common property. Quite as a matter of course the troops divided their food and supplied the travellers with sugar, tea and tinned goods. Oats, however, could not be obtained.

It was then an anxious time. They were still over two hundred miles from any settlement from which they could get aid, and as they slowly moved over the ground hope was very low. Now and then one of the family would get out and walk until exhausted in order to relieve the horses which now and then stumbled in a hopeless sort of way, then would regain their footing and amble onward with hanging head.

At length the Red River, where Fargo is now situated, was reached. After crossing the ferry they camped on the other side. Here one of the horses lay down and, though efforts were made to revive him with brandy he rolled over and breathed his last. They were so busy attending to the last moments of the poor animal that they did not notice the approach of troops on the other side of the river and later were surprised to see quite an array of tents under construction. They were visited by several of these men and advised to settle there instead of pressing onward.

The next day preparations for the journey were continued. The promised land of Manitoba was still the goal. There was now but one horse for each wagon which necessitated slow travelling and that by foot. The other two poor animals were growing thinner each day, and were fed bread and beans from the scanty store. To make matters worse their clothing was in rags from hard usage, and Will, who had borne the brunt of the hardships had worn his shoes and stockings through and was travelling on his bare feet. Each one that was able was taking a turn in shoving the wagon, lending what aid they could to the weary horses and even the little tots showed marks upon their tender shoulders from their willing help given in these sore straits. Still the only hope lay in pressing onward and hoping to pass some traveller on the way, who might render assistance.

It took two days to make the next eighteen miles. The road led on to a hilly plain, dotted here and their with bluffs. There were many rivers and it was a delightful country but its beauty was lost to the weary travellers as they slowly crawled along, through little streams, down shady lanes and over rocky paths. At many of the streams the banks were very steep and at Elm River so perpendicular were they that the half breeds had tied a rope to a tree trunk for their convenience in lowering their wagons down the bank, a sign of civilization that awakened hope in the travellers, alas, not destined to be fullfilled.

The next trouble came at Salt river. When the camp had been made they discovered that the water beside which they had camped was absolutely vile. At this stage of the journey none were fastidious but this could not be swallowed. Water was a necessity and darkness had come on. Will's father went forth into the darkness to search for water. Hours, which grew longer with each minute, rolled by and he did not return. The poor mother was almost distracted with anxiety. At length she reluctantly yielded to the entreaties of Will that he should go to search for his father. There, alone, among the dark trees, with her little ones about her, she kept alight the camp fire and watched and prayed. One might pause to realize her terrible anxiety, alone, in this unknown land, the only strong members of the family gone into the darkness, where not only might wild animals lurk but where also Indians roamed about and might at any moment come upon her or the absent ones. Travelling in those days carried more terrifying anxieties than in the anxiety of the present-day traveller whose only fear is lack of funds to pay for expensive dinners on the dining-car.

In the meantime Will walked along the river bank that he might be able to find his way back and pushed on through the trees, stumbling over fallen logs and tearing his bare legs on the brush and rocks. Calling aloud in the solitary darkness he stumbled along for a great distance and was giving up the search in despair when he heard an answering call from his father who, as he expected, had lost his way. A long weary walk took them back and when Will arrived his legs were so sore and swollen that he could barely walk for several days afterwards.

That night they had no water. The little ones cried themselves to sleep. The horses' tongues were hanging from their mouths and they looked up with dumb, piteous eyes of entreaty. The next morning when they arose from a weary night the second horse was dead.

Then, indeed, they were in sore straits After light had revealed a watering place a consultation was held. Their outfit now consisted of one weak horse and two wagons; the provisions were almost gone, there being only flour and water which they were making into hard cakes and cooking in the half-breed fashion into what was known as bannock; their clothes were in tatters and Will, who was the right hand of the party was almost crippled with his injured legs.

But still the only hope lay ahead. To make the load lighter the canvas covering was taken off the wagons and everything cast away except the barest necessities. Then fastening the two wagons together and taking turns at pushing and pulling,

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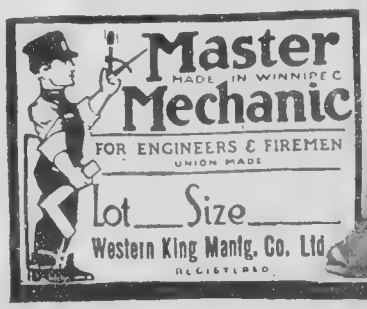

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to help out the poor old steed, they dragged themselves along the path.

That was a day long remembered Just as they were crawling around a bend. in the road they saw a mailcart approaching. They hailed its driver with joy. He has the true Samaratin spirit of the West. He turned around and with his own horses pulled them as far as the next stopping place on the Red River. There he strongly advised them to settle and commence farming. Then he left them, going off in his Red River cart, thump, thump out of sight, the wheels screeching and groaning in the protesting manner for which those carts are famous.

The Red River was very refreshing to the travellers in their helpless state. It was a sign of nearing the end of the journey. Here, too, they caught and feasted on several fish.

A new plan, hazardous and original, was now mapped out to cover the rest of the two hundred mile journey that lay before them. The wagon box was taken off one of the wagons and with chisel and hammer the cracks were stuffed with old clothing. The wheels were laid across the top of the box and after it had soaked in the river for several days it made a fairly water-tight if somewhat unusual, barge. The plan was this: the rest of the family were to take the remaining horse and wagon and push across country from point to point while Will, being able to swim, floated down the longer and more dangerous route of the river. They were to meet every evening where a fire would be built on the bank.

The next morning Will took a lunch and shoved off. The wagon box was a dangerous craft for it was low in the water on account of the weight of the wheels and often a wave would come up and partly fill it. Then it would take swift baling to keep it from going down. Often at a sudden bend in the river the wind would almost overturn the box. or carry it across the stream where it would dash into a tree or stick on a sand bar, from which place there would be great difficulty in dislodging it. Then, too, the raft could not be guided in deep water. It would drift wherever it was carried by the current, and he was often taken far beyond where he wished to stop. There were many dangers on account of the unknown waters of the river, while all the time was a lurking fear of Indians who would find a lone boy a good target for a swift and noiseless arrow. Several, times indeed, he saw one on the bank who would stare curiously at him as he went by, and one of these pointed a gun at him. Flinging himself down to the bottom of the box he lay there, waiting for a shot that never came, for in a moment the Indian lowered his weapon and disappeared for some unknown reason into the woods.

Day after day the weary routine was repeated. Sailing down that interminable river, sometimes shivering in the cold wind, then again perspiring in the heat of the sun, with coat off ready to swim in case of accident, now bailing, now balancing, now shoving away from danger, the boat and its brave occupant went on. His face was peeling from constant exposure, his limbs were sore and aching and mosquitoes and flies swarmed about his legs and face. Yet, being filled with the blood of the pioneers he never despaired but paved the way for the millions that have followed since over less hazardous paths.

But unknown relief was near at hand. Several half-breeds had seen the boy and told of his predicament to two white families, who were camped at Frog point. These men went down the bank to meet the incoming settlers, now nearing their goal. One windy day as Will was busy baling away, he heard in broad Scotch tongue, "Push on to the bank, boy, push on to the bank," and looking up he saw his friend standing on the shore waving to him. The wind was blowing the boat in the wrong direction and it was impossible to land. The further he floated away the harder the man yelled, thinking he had not been heard, his Scotch becoming more broad with excitement. At length Will reached the bank and was helped out by willing hands.

The family rejoined each other and all went up to the camp at Pembina. It was a great pleasure to see a white family once again, and the rough camp seemed a veritable paradise. Here they stayed several weeks. Reil had placed sentinels at the border and they, with the other white families they had joined had to wait for the completion of the settlement before they could get into Manitoba.

They were very fortunate in this case. Will's father had formerly sheltered and fed a half-starved half-breed that had crawled into his camp one night. The

Hudson's Bay Mountain, near Smithers, B.C. Falls from glacier and ancient bed of great ice field, 4,000 feet above Lake Kathlyn.

sentinel was the same man. He had not forgotten the kindness, and went to Reil himself to get a permit for the family to enter. While he was gone they replenished their supplies as well as they could. They bought horses from the half-breeds who were farming there and the poor old steed who had served them so nobly they traded for a cow. Then the permit came, and bidding farewell to their kindly friends at the settlement, they crossed the border into the promised land.

The rest of the journey was comparatively easy. At last Fort Garry was in sight. All the people of the fort came running out to welcome them and ask for news from far-off Ontario. The first camping place was almost opposite where the big and bustling T. Eaton's store stands to-day in the city of Winnipeg.

So over hill and plain, through forest and stream, nay even over dead bodies, the pioneers came from the land of civilization into the great unknown, bringing with them and developing the big, the dauntless, and the broad spirit that has dominated and made the west what it is to-day. Reil sleeps in the shady churchyard with his buried and mistaken strife, the locomotive takes the place of the prairie schooner, schools and crops have displaced the buffalo, and Winnipeg hides in its centre the little old Fort Garry.

And the pioneer led the way.

"Puff! Puff!"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by May Heward

"HULLO! what's up?" asked the Little Engine, puffing into the Great Terminus.

"Be quick and come and listen; it's so exciting!" cried the Signals shaking up and down in their excitement.

The Big Engine, sitting gravely on the rails, spoke: "We have decided," he told the Little Engine, "to do no more work at present. We object to being driven about by a coal-black Fireman and Engine-driver, whether we want to or not."

The Little Engine sat still and gasped.

"Oh!" he said, "but won't that be very uncomfortable for the people in the town there?"

"That," answered the Big Engine in a very stately way, "has nothing to do with us."

"Oh!" murmured the Little Engine, "I thought it had. Well, anyway it will be rather nice to have a holiday." And he rumbled off to his shed.

As he sat there he looked out over the great city, at the hundreds of people hurrying up and down, at his friend the Tall Church Steeple.

"Hullo!" he called, "why do you look so cross?"

"Cross!" cried the Steeple, "why shouldn't I look cross over all this foolishness?"

"What foolishness?" asked the Engine, while the Weathercock chattered.

"Well, I never did, I never, never did, did, did," which was all he could say.

"These Engines taking a holiday," scolded the Steeple. "How do they expect all these people are going to be fed, if they don't fetch the corn in from the fields?"

"I don't suppose they've thought of that," said the Little Engine, "I'll tell them."

"A lot of good that'll do," grumbled the Steeple, but the Little Engine didn't hear, he had gone.

He had a long talk with the Big Engine, but he would not listen to any of his arguments, and finally told him not to interfere with what didn't concern him, so he went back to his shed very sadly. And for days and days the Engines did no work.

One night the Little Engine woke up to hear a strange noise. It was little and low, but it kept on and on. It was just like the wind moaning in the chimney, but the wind was not blowing that night, he was sitting on the railings watching the bats trying to catch the moonbeams.

"I say," whispered the Little Engine, "what's that noise?"

"That," the Wind answered over his shoulder, "oh! that's the children crying."

"What for?"

"'Cos they're hungry silly," answered the Wind.

"Oh!" said the Little Engine, "oh! dear!" and he sat thinking while the little moaning noise went on and on.

"Look here!" he exclaimed at last, "I can't stand this; I'll creep out and try and get some food."

"Will you?" The Wind turned round so quickly that he nearly over-balanced, "then I'll tell you something. Down the line, a good way down there is a Good's Train full of corn-sacks, but I don't think you could pull it up."

"I'll try anyhow," said the Little Engine and he crept ever so quietly out of the Terminus. Once outside he tore along the quiet line till he came to the long train of trucks, standing patiently waiting.

"Couldn't think what had come to you all," grumbled the Train, "keeping me waiting like this; and there's a nice time of night to arrive too."

"I'm sorry," said the Little Engine, "but you see there's been a mistake." And the Wind chuckled.

The Little Engine was soon coupled on to the Train and then began a hard fight.

"Puff! puff!" went the Engine. "Creak! creak!" went the Train and began to move slowly up the line. On they went, bit by bit.

The Little Engine had never drawn such a heavy weight before and he could hardly get along, but he thought of the poor little hungry children and went "puff! puff! pant, pant, pant!" pulling and tugging with all his might until just as dawn was coming they puffed slowly into the Great Terminus.

"Well, I never did, I never did, did, did," chattered the Weathercock.

"What's the meaning of this?" cried the Big Engine angrily, and all the other engines cried, "Yes indeed! how dare you work?"

But the Little Engine stood up bravely and answered them and all the corn-sacks lay very still and listened.

"You stopped working," he said, "and I think you forgot, as I did, that there were lots and lots of little children who would be hungry if you did not fetch in the supplies. I heard them crying in the night and I just couldn't stand it. So I went out and fetched in this corn."

For a little while the Big Engine was silent. Then he said: "You are quite right, I had forgotten about the children."

And all the other Engines said: "So had I."

"We've been very silly," said the Big Engine, "let's help get this train in, for, after all, I don't much care for doing nothing."

"No," cried the other Engines, "nor do we."

So they all set to work to fetch the waiting trains in, all but the Little Engine and he was sent to rest, because he had done his work.

So he sat in his shed and talked to the Wind, who was watching the swallows playing with the sunbeams, while up from the city came a little joyous, rippling noise.

"What's that?" asked the Little Engine.

"That's the children laughing as they watch the corn-sacks come in," the Wind answered him.

"Well, I never did, I never, never did, did, did," chattered the Weathercock.

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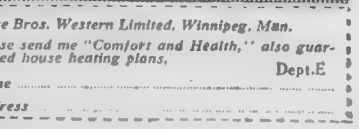

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Sidelights on the Foreign Farmer

By D. B. Bogle

SOME three years ago I bought a farm, influenced by I know not what sense of dissatisfaction with the selfish individualistic struggle of the city even during the war, and agreeing with the late Colonel Roosevelt's dictum, "If you can't fight, farm." I bought in an intermediate district between an old (for Manitoba) farming settlement and a territory to the north, the scene of the earliest of Clifford Sifton's experiments in the settlement of Ukrainians on unoccupied land.

The neighborhood in which I pitched my tent had all or virtually all been taken up in homesteads, mostly by pioneers from Ontario before the land to the north was settled by Ukrainians. I presume it was earlier, I do not pretend to accuracy. I am not trying to write history but to give impressions accurate as to the reflex from my mind not necessarily so as to the actual facts. At the time I purchased this neighborhood showed evident signs of retrogression. Everywhere were abandoned farms, ruined cabins, bits of stubble gone back, the whole country being eaten up by wild oats, cow thistle, mortgage, interest and taxes, and the odd people still there giving the impression that they only stayed where they were because they could think of nowhere else to go. The country was strewn with the flotsam and jetsam of a receding tide of settlement lying to the north of a fairly prosperous Canadian settlement which was however not expanding, and to the south of a foreign district of which the coming forward of a second generation is only now determining the value in the development of Canadian resources and the settlement of our vast areas of untilled land. I was at a unique post of observation, I was between the two communities and a stranger to both. I had no prejudices to overcome in the case of either. I have been so much about that I have no local or conventional standard for human being but take them all pretty much as I find them be the Scythian, Ethiopian, bond or free. I have in particular a mild contempt for the human failing which finds occasion for ridicule in foreign mannerisms or customs. The simple consideration is overlooked by most of us that for every single thing in them which excites our ridicule there must of necessity be a counterpart in ourselves which excites their ridicule.

A Ukrainian friend of mine who speaks good English but a little stilted and difficult of reproduction from his limited vocabulary once said to me:—"In the city I see many women on the street dressed in clothes that cost much money, all kinds of money. I would not have my wife on the street so dressed."

"Why," said I, "because of the extravagance, the waste of money?"

"No," he answered, "not the money. I would have my wife all the money, but—they are so ugly."

So there you are you see. Michael, whom you saw at the corner of Portage and Main waiting for his car with the grime of toil still about him and whom you imagined to be gazing in wonder and admiration at the throng of beauty and fashion passing by, was really thinking what fearful caricatures of the human form the fashions made and that not for worlds would he behold his Marenka thus bedezined. It all depends on the point of view. I forgot to ask my friend however whether his wife agreed with him.

In the beginning the foreigner excited the ridicule and contempt of the rural population of Canada. It is impossible to despise him now. For that reason it is easier perhaps to hate him. There is certainly a wide gap of ill-feeling between Canadians and the foreign farmer. How deep it is I cannot say. The children when they attend the same school live in a state of open and continued warfare, the daily progress of which is recited at home to amused but by no means unsympathetic ears. To hear many farmers talk one would expect a series of pogroms to begin immediately. Nothing is commoner than to hear it said that every blank foreigner should be kicked out of the country. That any such action would break the banks, bankrupt the railways, cut the grain crop in two and diminish the live stock by two-thirds does not occur to such extremists. There is one feature fairly hopeful. It is an abstract foreigner against whom the ill-feeling exists. It disappears against the individual upon actual contact. I was talking one day with a farmer whose language about foreigners was absolutely sulphurous and I said to him: "I don't understand. You get on all right with So-and-So," mentioning a Ukrainian neighbor. "Oh! He's different," was all the answer, but the diatribe ceased. I am no great believer in racial hatred which is compatible with mutual assistance freely rendered at wood cutting bees and well-digging. On the plain of wage-earning competition I can understand the feeling but not in the rivalry of production.

Muttons for the future.

As to the reciprocal feeling stirred among the Ukrainians I cannot speak. Centuries of oppression have bred in them a power of repression which is completely baffling to an outsider. The nearest I ever got to an interior glimpse was one day a friend of mine said to me: "You write?" "That's my trade," said I, "but I am not working at it just now. At present I am engaged in educating pigs." That went past him. "I would you write for my people. It is not just," he continued and went on to relate a villanious injustice of which I was as sadly aware as he. It was quite a specific thing and had nothing to do with the state of popular feeling however. Of that in its time and place, which is neither here nor now.

As I have said, the inner consciousness of the Ukrainian farmer is a sealed book but at the present moment he is undoubtedly uneasy. One of them asked me once: "Do you never feel a longing for your own country?" His language was scanty but there was no mistaking the pathetic yearning of his tone. If this feeling ever reached the point of stimulating a general exodus the consequences would be startling. Such a thing is not impossible. Anyone who has read the history of that astonishing migration from the Don river to the centre of China which took place only two centuries ago could never be surprised at anything bodies of people who are uncomfortable in their environment might do.

At the base of the Ukrainian character is an ingrained timidity and fear of the constituted authorities. The government

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Giant's Strength

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Theodora Horton

"It's my ball," said Roland.

"No, it's mine," said Lionel.

"I tell you that's my ball," said Roland again, and if you don't give it to me I'll make you."

Roland was nine years old, and so very much bigger and stronger than Lionel, and Lionel knew quite well he had no chance if it came to a struggle, so he took to his heels and ran off. Roland after him, covering as much ground in one of his long strides as Lionel did in three. Lionel looked back over his shoulder and saw that Roland was catching him up, so he made for the fowl house and running in slammed the door in Roland's face.

The day before Auntie had come to pay them a visit, and had brought each of the boys a ball. Roland was quite sure that the one Lionel had been playing with was his, and he made up his mind to get it. He began banging at the fowl house door and pushing it with all his might, but inside Lionel had his foot against it. Roland grew very angry; he put his shoulder against the door and pushed harder than ever. Lionel suddenly moved away and the door opening unexpectedly, Roland went in far quicker than he meant to and fell sprawling on the floor. Lionel seized the opportunity to make his escape with the ball, and sets off for the house as fast as his short legs could carry him. Roland now thoroughly angry picked himself up and again gave chase. This time he caught Lionel up before he was half way to the house. He took him roughly by the shoulders and shook him. "You mean little beast," he said, "to take my ball, give it to me at once."

"It's mine," panted Lionel, struggling to free himself.

"I'll just show you who's it is," said Roland, and he picked up the struggling Lionel bodily and carried him kicking to the fowl house. He laid him on his back on the floor, and took the ball from him saying, "Now you can just stay there for a bit and see how you like it." He went out and taking a piece of string from his pocket he tied the door securely and then strode off stuffing the ball in his pocket. He went down the street to borrow a book one of his schoolmates had promised to lend him, and it was half an hour before he came back. As he went into the house he saw the other ball lying under the table and picked it up. As he looked at it he saw R he had printed on it that morning. Then it had been Lionel's ball after all! Now that he was less angry he began to feel uncomfortable when he thought of his little brother shut up in the fowl house. He would go at once and let him out. When he arrived at the door of the fowl house he took out his knife and cut the strong then he pushed open the door and looked in. There was no sign of Lionel, the place was empty, but he noticed that the little window high up in the wall had been pushed open. But surely Lionel had never tried to get out there, it was too high from the ground. Yes, he must have climbed on the roosting poles, and so escaped, but where was he? Roland went out and called "Lionel, Lionel," but there was no answer. Then he walked round to the back of the fowl house to see if he was hiding, and there lying on the ground under the window was Lionel, his face very white, and the blood trickling down from a cut on his forehead.

"Lionel, Lionel," said the terrified Roland. "What's the matter?" but Lionel did not answer, and Roland picking him up carried him to the house. Mother saw him coming and ran to meet him. They laid Lionel on the couch and mother bathed his forehead with water. Presently he opened his eyes and sat up, and seeing Roland standing by he said with a little sob, "It was my ball."

Roland said nothing, but he took the ball out of his pocket and handed it to Lionel. He was feeling very sorry and thoroughly ashamed of himself. Mother found that the cut was not very deep, and after she had put some plaster on it Lionel felt much better. Mother, of course, wanted to know how he came to be shut up in the fowl house, and when Roland had told her the whole story she looked grave and sorry.

"I am very proud of my tall strong son," she said, "but I shall not be proud of him if he uses his strength in this way. You have heard of the great Shakespeare haven't you, Roland? He once wrote:

"Oh it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."

Always let your strength be on the side of right, and to help those that are weaker than yourself, and then you may be justly glad and proud of it.

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flowers spring low,
And we must stoop for happiness
If we its worth would know.

ON THINKING GLAD

Never mind a change of scene—
Try a change of thinking;
What if things seem sordid, mean,
What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud,
Somewhere stars are shining,
Try to think your joys out loud,
Silence all repining

By degrees, by thinking light,
Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape the stress of night,
Worry gone completely.
Get the habit looking for
Sunbeams pirouetting,
Tapping gayly at your door—
Surest cure for fretting.

Needn't fool yourself at all,
For there's no denying
E'en above a prison wall
Song-birds are a-flying;
Wherefore hearken to the song,
Never mind the prison,
And you'll find your soul ere long
Unto Freedom risen.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

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The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL
Commercial Master, St. John's Technical High School

WHAT IS A PROBLEM?

SOME day I hope to get the consent of the Editor to change the title of this page to "The Young Man and His Opportunities." To me it sounds a little more optimistic and surely the West is a land where optimism is justified daily. Just now, however, let us attempt to discover the exact nature and meaning of the word "problem." If we can do this, we shall be able to work more definitely to the reasonable solution of such problems as confront the young man as he undertakes to play the noble part of a Citizen of the West.

This is what one dictionary says: Problem (French, probleme; Latin, problema, from the Greek, problema—pro, before, and ballo, to throw). A question proposed for solution, decision, or determination; a knotty point requiring to be cleared up; in geometry, a proposition requiring some operation to be performed. The word "puzzle" is something akin to the word under discussion, and in Mid. English, puzzle was known as "opposaile," i.e., something put before one. From this last word we get expression "a poser."

A problem, then, may be said to be a poser, and with a poser a young man has the choice of attempting to solve it or of avoiding it. All of which is by way of saying that the purpose of this page will be to help the young man to face his problems and not to run away from them.

A List of Problems

What are some of the problems of the young man? Well, to begin with, there is the young man himself, and he is probably the biggest problem on the list—much too big for me to discuss just now—but here are some with which we are all familiar:

The problem of the Golden Rule.
The problem of maintaining good health.
The problem of the choice of a career.
The problem of saving money.
The problem of spending money.
The problem of the right outlook.
The problem of leisure hours.
The problem of right hobbies.
The problem of education.
The problem of character building.

Evidently there is no lack of material for discussion, and in due time we shall attempt our solutions.

ASK YOUR BANKER

Many people look upon banks as places into which money may be handed and from which it may occasionally be withdrawn, but there is another phase of the banking business which far too often is overlooked. The banker stands ready to advise you on financial matters as does the physician upon questions of health, or the barrister upon matters of law. There are those who say that it is much easier to save money than it is to spend it advantageously, and in this there is a good deal of truth. A young man, out of his monthly earnings, may put away a small sum occasionally and in time accumulate, say, $500. Mysteriously enough, someone comes along about this time with a very attractive proposition and in ninety per cent of such cases one may bid farewell to the $500. This is one of the problems that can be met by asking your banker first.

Just now in the West there are many young men fresh from honorable service overseas, who are in receipt of discharge and other allowances running up to several hundred dollars. This money has been hardily and honorably earned and should be put to good uses. Yet, there are those in the land who, with their attractive and confidential propositions, will have no compunction in appropriating this money if they can. The writer has heard that a gold mining boom is due in Manitoba. Some of the offerings may be perfectly legitimate, others may not be. Before acting, ask your banker.

THE COMMUNITY LIFE

A year or so ago, I heard a learned man say that people had need of learning the art of living together efficiently. I like that phrase—The art of living together efficiently. We may even leave out the last word, and talk of the art of living together. But, we cannot expect to live together happily unless we are prepared to think, to some extent at least, upon the many problems which daily face all sections of the community. Therefore by way of introduction, a few questions are attached, to which the young man, with profit to himself and to the community, may well devote a little attention.

Would it be wiser to centralize more power in the Dominion government?

What are some of the advantages of our present system of distribution of powers?

Does it make any difference to you personally how industry is carried on?

When does a monopoly exist?

Why is conservation of animal life important?

Rank the causes of crime in what you consider their relative seriousness.

To what degree of relationship does any obligation exist to support a sick or poor relative?

Why are country communities usually more favorable to prohibition than cities?

What reasons can you offer for the decline in population and prosperity of many rural districts?

ABOUT BOOKS

This is a time of many changes, actual and contemplated, but whatever changes time may bring, it is hard to conceive of an age where books will lose their place in society. I have heard strong condemnation of many sorts of books and reading, but I have also heard educators say that any kind of reading is better than none at all. Certain it is, however, that the young man who plans his reading may add substantially to the value and quality of his education. Here is a little chart that puts the matter clearly:

Reading for
- Facts should be
  - Dynamic.
  - Frequent.
- Understanding of principles should be
  - Broad
  - Deep
- Inspiration should be
  - Accurate.
  - Important.
  - Relevant.

Don't neglect this matter of reading. Read now what some of the world's really great men have to say upon the subject:

"Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours."—Locke.

"For all books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour, and the books of all time."—Ruskin.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."—Bacon.

"Within good books lie buried treasures."

"Books are blossoms in the garden of thoughts."

"Interest in some species of some department of knowledge is the foundation and condition for acquiring the study habit."—Sheldon.

"What is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed."—Johnson.

TACT AND DIPLOMACY

A student who was taking a two-year course in my department once came to me at the end of the first year and asked me to endorse his letter of application for a position with an important business firm in the city. "Are you leaving school?" I said. "No," replied the student. "I intend to work for them during the two months of the summer holidays and then I will come back to school." "But your letter makes it appear that you want to work for them permanently," I replied. "Do you think it fair to conceal the fact that you intend to work for them only two months?" "No," answered the boy, "but if I tell them that, perhaps they will not engage me." I could sympathize with the boy in his problem, but I could not endorse his application as written. He was trying a species of selfish diplomacy, whereas tact might have secured him a temporary position.

The young man may very well leave diplomacy to the diplomats. Tact will do the work, but that's another story.

WISE WORDS

In some old-fashioned books which are not usually to be found in the book stores of to-day, occur sometimes a few proverbs or sayings which, true as they may be, are entertaining for their abruptness. A few specimens follow:

Is a voter likely to act more wisely in voting on a law than in choosing a member of the legislature to do it for him?

Enjoy your little while the fool is seeking for more, for he will live poor to die rich.

A fool at forty is a fool for sure.

It is a bare moor where we see no cow.

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.

There cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse.

If you wish good advice consult an old man.

The anger is not warrantable that has seen two suns.

He who strives to do, does more than he who has the power.

It is a worthier thing to deserve honor than to possess it.

The sea refuses no river.

BE PUNCTUAL

For several years, on occasion, business men have been telephoning and writing to me for young men and women who wish to make a start in commercial life. I had long read and known that punctuality was a virtue, but I have been more than surprised at the frequency with which men of affairs have laid stress upon this. They rarely ask is he intelligent, or is he active, or was he an efficient student; but is he punctual? Perhaps they work on the theory that if a boy is punctual he is reasonably sure to possess other valuable qualities. Herbert Kaufman writes:

Tick, tick, man be quick
There, you lost a splendid minute—
What a superb chance was in it;
I am El Dorado—mine me,
Virgin hordes of fortune line me.
With my lavish hands I measure
Fame and strength and joy and treasure.
You are late—you've missed your date.
Fool, I'm Time—I never wait!

MONEY AND LACK OF IT

Mrs. B. C. Forbes, well known as an author of books on business affairs, presents in a recent work a table which concerns fifty business leaders in America, all of them millionaire, from which we learn that:

24 were born poor.
17 were born in moderate circumstances.
9 were born rich.
40 were born in the United States.
4 were born in Scotland.
4 were born in Germany.
1 was born in England.
1 was born in Canada.
14 began as store clerks.
5 as bank clerks.
4 as grocery boys.

Some people are more interested in millionaires than others, but the above statistics, if statistics are worth anything at all, appear to show that the poor boy has ample opportunities to become financially successful, if that be his aim. A gratifying fact, however, is that in most of the cases of these men, their accumulation of riches was incidental to the pursuit of a legitimate ideal.

PERSONALITY

Personality is less than character and more than character. It is less than character because a studied or assumed personality may conceal some weakness of character, and it is more than character because it is a valuable medium through which a man's characteristics ought to find expression. It is not, however, greater than character. Mr. William H. Rankin has prepared the following Key to Success. The initial letters spell Personality:

Be
- Persistent
- Enthusiastic
- Respectful
- Systematic
- Original
- Natural
- Alert
- Loyal
- Imaginative
- Truthful
- Youthful

CONFIDENTIAL

Gentlemen who have preceded me in the writing of this page have set so high a standard as to cause me to enter upon my task—a pleasant one—with considerable diffidence. I hope, however, that errors or quality will be obscured to some extent by my enthusiasm and interest in the work.

Laddie Jr., in the Sugar Maple Bush

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

IF it's not one thing it's another!" as the old saying goes. Here I was intent on noting and picturing the migration as it sped north over Migration Point, and the lad had a hundred muskrat traps scattered all over the face of the drowned land to attend to, and then I caught him whittling a suspicious looking stick.

"What's that?" I demanded.

"Only a spile," he said.

"For what?"

"Maple syru-u-up—yum, yum," and he laughed his boyish peal.

Thirty-five of these spiles he split and whittled out of one short pine log, spiles twelve inches long, an inch through and a tiny gutter running down one side; tapered off at the tree end. Now came the swift outpouring of all the camp supplies from their nice dry tins into paper bags, until not a tin was left in all the camphouse—every time I dived my hand into one of those bally bags for tea I came up with cornmeal, and if I wanted coffee my only safe way was to scent along the whole lot like a setter nosing along for a bird. Soon he had me and the sleigh and the tins and the augur all loaded up and away off down the island. I was evidently cast for a horse in this play, as while he bored I toted the load all around the trees. I had a spasm and kicked off a single tin at each tree; and went back and put myself in the hut. A couple of hours later he appeared with a demand for supper—and the news that all the trees were bored.

What a careful way in contrast to the Indians' wasteful methods, they take a small axe and make cruel gashes in the trees, fell a basswood and cut it up into troughs, sapholders and sugar forms—never let one in your bush without an augur—so our mouths were all set for a nice drink of sap—and it rained next day. "A good cold night—warm sun to-morrow—sap will run well," muttered Laddie as he snuggled into his bunk. Yes! but it forgot and kept cold, and very cold too, for a full week; and never a drop of sap ran—well; maybe a drop; for the boy got an icicle off a spout that he swore was "as sweet as anything."

I must tell you of a young chap I met on the Pacific Coast. He, each spring in Old Ontario had made good sap into gallons of syrup and pounds of maple sugar—so off he trotted along the banks of this western stream that emptied into the ocean, laden with pails and spiles and augur, then he toted a great iron pot, that he had packed into the freight car that took them west; off over that rude trail, chopped his firewood, tapped his broadleaved maples and gathered the sap. He tasted the first, insipid; believe me! "It'll get stronger later on he urged." Back over the trail he went for a barrel to hold the big run—then he started to boil—he might have been boiling yet if I had not happened along with a camera just then, for broadleaves are not sugar maples. You'll get about one quart of syrup to forty quarts of sap and about half that may be sugar if you boil the syrup thick enough, Laddie, but this poor lad might have boiled down the whole soft maple forest without result. And blame me if he had not done it all on the sly to fool and surprise his good mother who was very fond of sugar—so we laid a deep plan—and that night a letter went over the mountains to Old Ontario, and lo and behold! a few weeks later the good old lady was deep into a cake of sugar, and praising the new country; when we both laughingly told her the true tale.

I have seen whole towns almost deserted each morning in Quebec when the early train for the sugar bush drew out, hundreds of people off on a daily business that we consider a bit of fun once a year, the huge pots and the thousands of trees tapped explain where the tons of sugar come from out of that pastoral old province. Yes! and the law is so well written and enforced now that Mr. Sugarmaker cannot make a thousand pounds down in the bush and add three or four hundred pounds of common brown sugar to it as they used to in my boyhood days. And you can't even call it "mapyleine" on the label and get away with it, but there are great quantities of maple flavor used now-a-days, my advice to the housekeeper is buy this yourself, it's an excellent flavoring.

"Say—it's melting!" said Laddie. He had each day worn a deep path in the snow to where the thermometer hung. Honestly his first waking thought was "How cold is it, please?" A hundred traps deeply buried and dozens of spiles keeps a boy busily thinking.

"It's runnin'" he burst out one day, "taste!" I did—some very mawkish rainwater with a shadow of a maple tree in it. Again, "Say! do taste this; it's the real stuff." This was better, one could almost trace a faint taste of sugar in it. But the pride of him when he marched into camp and laid down two full buckets of sparkling sap. Now everything in camp was full of sap—in fact, for two weeks we patiently and calmly drank sap. You see the trees seemed to know the stove was small and the pots too; so they said "we'll just give this old fellow his fill of sap"—and they did—I boiled that slowly lessening fluid indoors and outdoors; in pots and washdishes in heat and cold, on calm days and windy days, in snow and rain and sunshine and never could I get more than a quart for a day's work A day do you call it? I worked far into the night and dreamed of sap then until daylight—and no sooner would I get a bottle nicely filled with syrup than it was "Pass me some more, please." Goodbye, syrup!

My only day's leisure was Sunday. In the bright sun I would walk around under the score of maple trees on our little ten-acre island and wonder if they knew just how much work they could give a fellow.

Yes! I got even a bit too, photographing the boy while he was on his back drinking; and begging him to lie still until I got another good picture—all the while a good healthy stream of sap was running down his neck, or into his open mouth, or into one blinking eye. I sent some of the syrup to dear old Laddie Sr. in the hospital, and he wrote and told me it made him "think of the island so much; he could taste the leaves and the smoke in it."

So if you want a real nice hard job make a couple of gallons of syrup on a tin camp stove or an outside fireplace—and no sooner get a taste out of the bottle than "Please pass the syrup, I like it so much."

THE MEN WHO FELL OUT

Two Christian men "fell out." One heard that the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said, "Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face, that I may profit by your Christian candor and try to get rid of them.

"Yes, sir," replied the other, "I will do it."

They went aside, and the former said: "Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you please bow down with me and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you tell them? You lead in prayer."

It was done, and when the prayer was over, the man who had sought the interview said:

"Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me."

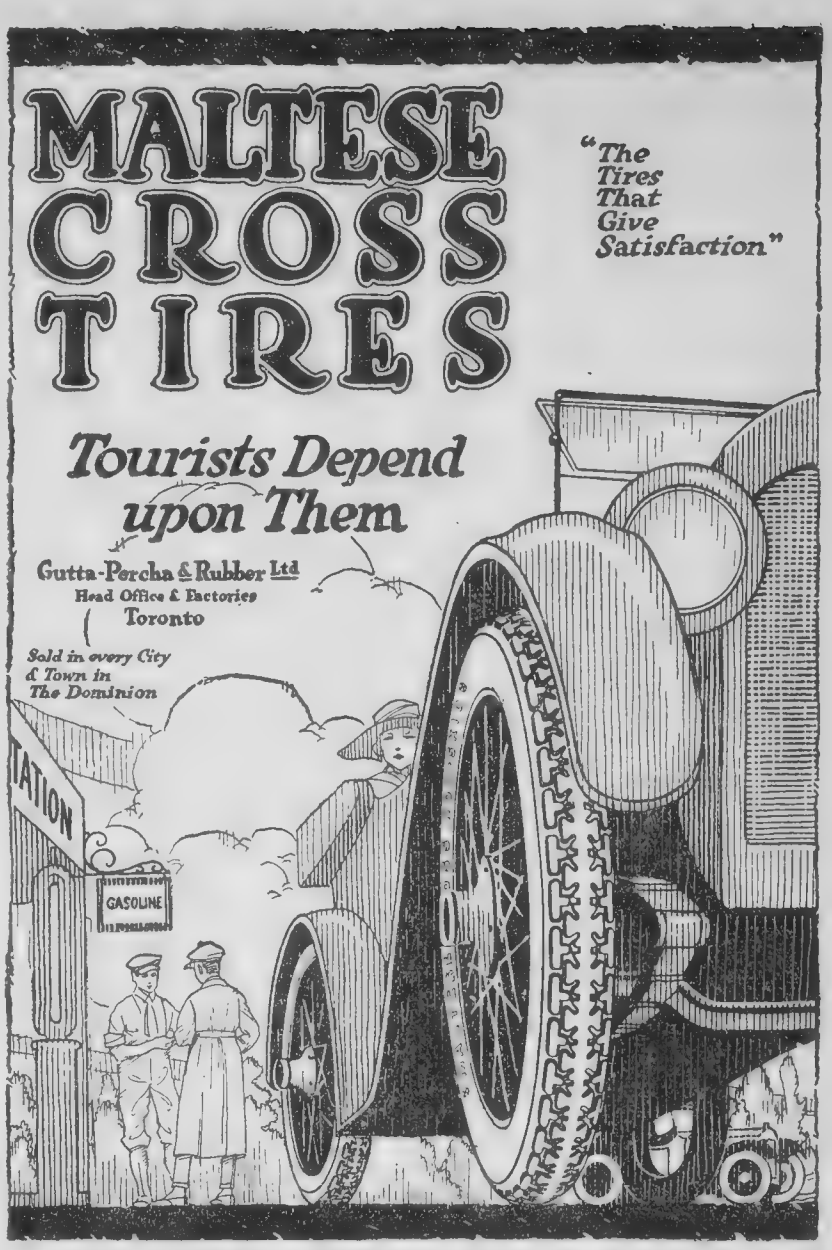
But the other replied: "After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that in going round talking against you I have been serving the devil myself, and have need that you pray for me, and forgive me the wrong I have done you."

The quarrel was settled from that hour; and there are several other difficulties that might be settled in the same way. Try it.

There is no real rest until we reach God; there is no noble and inspiring courage until we trust in Him.

When we build on a faith, floods may break on the foundations, but cannot move, clouds may obscure the sun but cannot destroy it. "You may kill us but you cannot hurt us," said one of the noblest martyrs to his persecutors. "If God be for us who can be against us?"

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.



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The Philosopher

CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP IN THE NEW ERA

In this time of national reconstruction, this new era which is just beginning, in which even the most unthinking cannot but be aware that great changes have begun to work themselves out, the duty of every Canadian man and woman to be worthy of the responsibilities of Canadian citizenship is a duty of greater urgency than it ever was before in our country's history. The whole world has been changed by the War, which has ended the lives of seven million men, and brought suffering and anguish to hundreds of millions of persons, and made profound alterations in the whole structure of human society and in the lives of the nations and in international relationships. Now, as never before, every thinking Canadian must realize that he, or she, belongs not only to a family, but to a society and a nation, and must cultivate the virtue of patriotism in all its widening circles. We must train ourselves to take an interest in public affairs, local and national, and not to consider that they are merely the business of party politicians and wire-pullers and the battle-ground of contending factions. Civic duty begins in the life of the family. From this it expands through the widening circles of self-governing democracy. A good citizen must begin by discharging the duties which are nearest to him, but he must not neglect those which lie outside, or become so absorbed in his own private interests as to neglect those of the community and of the nation.

TEACHING CANADIANISM

The place where true Canadianism should be taught is in the schools. It should be taught in the home, as well, but there are thousands of homes in Canada in which only the children are Canadian-born. It is the presence in great great numbers of such homes that makes it doubly a matter of vital necessity that there should be schools for all the children in Canada, and that all the children should attend school, and that they should all be taught true Canadianism at school. Only thus will it be possible to provide for the years to come a safeguard of intelligence and patriotism against evil doctrines which, working upon uneducated minds, can only result in disaster to our country. Let the principles of true Canadianism be implanted in the receptive minds of all the children in Canada, and they will grow up with right ideas of conduct and of their duty to their country and their fellow-countrymen, as well as to themselves. Every true Canadian man and woman should regard it as his, or her, duty, to take an active interest in public education and in making the schools as efficient as possible for their work of making good, intelligent, patriotic Canadians out of the boys and girls who will be the men and women of to-morrow.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES

A certain wealthy man in Winnipeg, whose own educational advantages were limited, and who is seeing to it that his son shall have all the advantages which fortune denied to himself, was discussing recently the whole subject of education, both the kind furnished by life and the kind afforded by schools and universities. In reply to a remark about how different his life might have been if he had had the advantages his son is having, he said, "Well, I didn't have his advantages, and can't have them now—and at the same time he can't have my disadvantages!" True it is that disadvantages may furnish very valuable education. One man learns the value of truth by going to Sunday school; another by doing business with liars. One man is sober because he had a good mother; another because his father drank himself into the gutter. But surely in every case where headway has been made against obstacles and deprivations, there would have been better progress if instead of educational hindrances, there had been educational helps. But they must be educational helps of the right kind, and given at the right time, and that is what makes the problem of education, and how best to adapt it to individual needs.

THE SAFEGUARD OF FREEDOM AND ORDER

From public discussion comes public opinion. And from public opinion comes public action. Public discussion is the first insurance against revolution. Freedom of public discussion may be prevented in many ways. Under the old autocratic rule in Russia the way was to censor the press and prohibit public meetings, and it seems that these methods are still being used in Russia with a severity as extreme as in the old days when the Czar was the nominal head of the state. The German way was to suborn the men who should have been the natural leaders of thought by means of honors and decorations and promotions, and to drug public opinion by Kultur and by vainglorious talk about Germany's destiny being to dominate the whole world. Only in the lands where discussion is free is there true liberty, with freedom from the danger of revolution. Therein lies Canada's safeguard against such peril. What happens in a revolution is the breakdown of the social habits of a people. It is not merely government that goes by the board in a revolution, but also domestic habits, religious habits, industrial habits, and, in fact, all the continuance of habit out of which our civilization is woven. Savagery and brutalities ensue; and terrorism has often been the prelude to a dictatorship. Only in lands where there have been such conditions as France had before the Revolution of a century and a quarter ago, and as Russia had before the revolution which destroyed the Czardom, and where discussion is not free, can there be revolution. The forces of revolution are incapable of building, they only destroy.

THE HIGH COST OF DRESSING

Men and women who have been wearing their old suits for years, in the hope of being able after the war was ended to buy new ones at prices lower than the war prices have so far been disappointed. Prices of clothing and of the materials for clothing are not only showing a staying power worthy of a better cause; they are showing a climbing power. With the average person the purchase of a suit of clothes, or a dress, is a much more perplexing problem than ever it was before. Several months ago the Cost of Living Commissioner announced at Ottawa his belief that the middlemen were to blame. After that the Cost of Living Committee of Parliament made some investigations which threw light on the problem, showing that there were more than the middleman to be blamed. Which is all highly interesting, no doubt. But it has not served to bring down the prices.

FARMERS ARE MANUFACTURERS

The writer of a letter printed in The London Times makes the point that "the earth and the fulness thereof, the birds of the air and the beasts of the field were not bestowed upon mankind in the state in which they are found to-day," and adds: "The land of England, and, for the matter of that, all productive land, is a manufactured article, as much so as the clothes we wear." Not quite as much so, perhaps. Still there is a measure of truth in what the writer of that letter in The Times says. The expenditure of labor and of money involved in bringing new land into production varies greatly, of course, according to the character of the land and the work done, but in no case is it an inconsiderable expenditure. As for the grains, the vegetables, the fruits and the animals with which agricultural industry concerns itself, their breeding and development have cost and are still costing great expenditures of work, thought and money. It seems paradoxical, in view of the terminology of current economical and political discussion, to think of farmers and manufacturers as being in the same category. But both take certain "materials," and by means of labor and machinery work them up into "finished products." At least, the farmer's products are his "finished products," though they may be the raw materials of other industries—the mill, the creamery and the packing plant. So are many of the products of many manufacturers (for example, leather, iron, steel and paper), the raw material used by many other manufacturers. The problem of shaping national fiscal policy is mainly a problem of bringing the just claims of all classes into right adjustment.

LIGHT ON WORLD PROBLEMS

The Philosopher has been reading the latest book from the pen of that grand old man, James Bryce, or to give him the title which now disguises him, Viscount Bryce. Famous as statesman and historian, his personal influence is as great in the United States as it is throughout the British Empire. As British Ambassador at Washington he was eminent in winning and holding the respect and confidence of the American people. No man could have been better chosen by Lloyd George to head the Commission which made the historic report on the German atrocities in Belgium and France. In the book open before The Philosopher, as these lines are written, "Essays and Addresses in War Time," there are many wise and enlightening utterances There are few men living whose utterances on the great world problems carry greater weight than those of James Bryce. Especially notable is what he has to say on nationalism. Seventy years ago, he reminds us, many an active and sanguine mind in Europe and America was aflame with what then began to be called the spirit of nationality. But writing with the broad wisdom and the shrewdness and experience of the practical statesman, he shows that the hopes thus founded proved difficult to realize. The new principle did not accomplish what was expected. In fact, its application led to many difficulties and dangers, until in the present century we have seen the overweening nationalism of Germany become the chief source of the most devastating war in all history, for which the immediate pretext was furnished by Austria's desire to crush the nationality of Serbia. How then is the world to be protected against similar wars in the future? By the League of Nations, says Viscount Bryce. He admits the difficulties in the way of the perfect realization of that solution, but he feels that it is the only solution and the only guarantee of the future peace of the world.

WIFE-MADE MEN

We hear much about self-made men. We do not hear enough about wife-made men. There are many of them, in all walks of life. Often in cases where there seems the least reason for thinking that a man's success is not due entirely to himself the truth is that it is mainly due to his wife—to the inspiration she has given him, to the self-confidence she has stimulated by her belief in him, and to the wise urgings by which she has directed his efforts. How many a man, whose courage and determination have begun to fail him in the face of increasing adversities, has gained new courage and new determination from his wife! Many of the world's greatest men have acknowledged that they owed more to their wives than to themselves; and in the humblest spheres, no less than in the highest, it is true that to many a man's wife is due the main share of the credit for his making a success of his life.

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF GOLD BRICKS

A few months ago The Philosopher took occasion to say something of the operations of share-selling swindlers in the northwestern States, who were planning to extend their campaigning on this side of the international line. In city and country alike these swindlers find their prey. Many a business man who enjoys the reputation of being shrewd and careful is apparently unable to exercise either shrewdness or carefulness, or ordinary common sense, when a glib and plausible talker puts a "get-rich-quick" proposition before him. The salesmen who are out to sell shares in mythical enterprises from which fabulous profits are promised (the shares to be bought back again at a large advance, if the purchaser is not satisfied after a year has passed), are trained to study individual cases, and to use the methods best suited for each. For a certain kind of "sucker" it is recommended that after the right amount of talking, efforts should be made to get him excited, so that he will act on impulse. Some of these psychologists in swindling, after one or two interviews drive up in a great hurry and without getting out of their automobiles, make their prospective victims come out and talk to them. The moment a sale is consummated, the salesman is off before the purchaser has time to think it over. Strange how many of us there are who want to get something for nothing and by taking what we conceive to be a gambler's chance to evade the necessity of having to work for what we get! With not a few it does not seem to matter how indignant they can be about the world's injustices and the ill-gotten gains of the rich. When they think they see a chance for an "investment" that will give them easy money in large quantities, they waste no time in grasping at it. They will pay good money and Victory bonds for shares on which the smooth-talking salesmen promise returns as high as 1,000 per cent, and later on, when they realize that they have been swindled they are slow to realize that it is they themselves that are to blame.

A THOUGHT FOR THE TIMES

We are living in a time in which those of a naturally conservative disposition of mind must find much to cause them disquiet. Of course the moderate prudence of the wise man who will not too lightly trust himself beyond the teachings of experience may be intensified to such a degree of caution as to become a bar to progress. Progress requires a certain readiness to go forward and try experiments. Yet if that readiness is reckless and unbridled disaster is certain. Wisdom is not so anxious for progress as to be eager for novelties; nor so afraid of ideas and proposals because they are new as to be content without progress. This is an indispensable condition of the security and efficiency of progress in all regions of human activity. It is as necessary in Parliament as it is in an automobile. In both a brake is essential to safety. Which it is as well to keep in mind.

About the Farm

(Conducted by Allan Campbell.)

The Choice

By Grace G. Bostwick

There's one who walks in the virgin fields
Mid white, white lilies that shine like rain.
A perfume rare
Fills all the air
With a poignant sweetness akin to pain.

Another plays in the valley low
With scarlet poppies on every hand
And laughter gay,
Shrills down the way,
With a cadence he scarce can understand.

And he who walks mid the lilies white,
Plucks one for joy of a blissful hour,
To turn with love
To the heavens above,
In thanks for the gift of his perfect flower.

But he who played mid the poppies' bloom,
Stays bored and restless from place to place,
With heart unfilled
And mind unstilled
And a yearning that shows in his weary face.

The Coming of the Silo

The consummation of the season's labors in the form of harvest is now approaching, and, governed by the extent and quality of the yield, it will be a case of "to be or not to be," in regard to the future plans of acquiring additional farm buildings. With the call from all quarters for the raising of more live stock, the corn crop will necessarily become an essential where the best results would be desired, and then to get the best out of the corn for the benefit of the cattle, proper storage by means of a silo is the direct answer.

There are several types of silos such as the stave silo, cement silo, cement block silo, etc. By storing the corn in a silo, a winter ration of great succulence may be given the cattle, which, at such a time of year when dry feeds are practically the rule, the relish with which the cattle eat the silage is reflected in the increased milk flow and general thrifty condition of the animals. Corn is found to make the most satisfactory ensilage.

In making preparations for the building of a silo, one should take into consideration the amount of ensilage that will be needed for the winter and make allowance for the subsequent increase in cattle that may occur on the farm within a reasonable period, as it is easier to build a silo a little larger than present requirements call for than to build an additional one owing to the fact that the cattle have "outgrown" the original one. As an ordinary ration for a dairy cow is about thirty-five pounds of ensilage per day, one can approximate his winter requirements in that direction on that basis. As a guide to the approximate capacity of silos, the following figures will be useful:

A silo 20 ft. deep with inside diameter of 15 ft.—60 tons.

A silo 30 ft. deep with inside diameter of 15 ft.—100 tons.

A silo 30 ft. deep with inside diameter of 18 ft.—150 tons.

The height of the silo is a very important point as more height means more pressure on the silage which packs it well and gives more storage per cubic foot than is obtainable in a broader and less deep silo. As the ensilage settles down after a few days, more may be added.

The question is often asked in regard to ensilage becoming frozen. In severe winter weather a certain quantity of the ensilage on the side of the silo will become frozen but this is not waste material by any means as it may be thrown into the warm barn, thawed out and mixed with the other ensilage.

The stave silo has been found very satisfactory, and is the cheapest to construct. It should have a cement foundation with drainage provided. The staves should be about two inches thick and from five to nine inches wide. Of course, the smaller the silo is in diameter, the narrower must be the stave in proportion. A bevel inside the staves gives a better fit. A small tongue and groove stave makes a good fit. The staves are kept in place by means of iron hoops made from rods with threaded ends, such hoops being held in place by staples. These hoops should have a clip where they meet that will allow the ends to pass each other, the threaded ends having convenient nuts so that the hoops may be tightened if necessary.

A round roof should be provided which should have an opening to admit the ensilage as it is cut up. In filling the silo it is advisable to have a man inside evening it up and tramping it down so that the leaves and stems are thoroughly mixed and that an even packing is assured, thus making it more airtight.

Silos are emptied from the top; an even layer being taken off at each feeding. If, after a feeding has been taken off, there is found to be a hole dug in the centre or at the side, this depression should be filled in by evening raking over the rest of the surface. In order to facilitate the emptying of the silo, a series of small trap doors opening inwards, is provided. These trap doors should be cut with a bevel so that they will offer the greatest resistance to outward pressure. They should be held in place by cross-bars on the outside of the silo, and as the silage gets lower the door nearest to the surface is used. It is not necessary to have hinges on these trap doors as they may be taken in the silo when the feed is being thrown out and pulled into position after that work is accomplished. By having the doors as above described, one is not troubled with rusty hinges.

The length that is advised for corn to be cut is three-quarters of an inch. Corn put in uncut may come out in good condition but the coarse stalks will make considerable twaste in feeding in addition to the fact that corn put in in that state is uncertain in ability to cure.

The cement silo which is made from a solid round wall of cement, and the cement block silo which is made of hollow blocks of cement, are more expensive to construct. Of course, they will last much longer than the stave type of silo but the cost is considerably greater.

When stave silos are built in any location where they are likely to be subject to strong winds it is advisable to brace them to the barn against which they are built.

Sheep

As one travels about the country these days, the sight of sheep in the fields or around the barnyards is becoming a more familiar one. With weeds the menace they are at the present time, the great demand for wool and the need of meat of all kinds, there are stronger inducements to keep sheep than ever. Sheep are especially valuable in the profitable use they make of material that would otherwise become waste. In the destruction of weeds alone, they render excellent service but one may count many additional advantages from the keeping of sheep.

Sheep will multiply quickly, and if given reasonable care will raise strong and healthy lambs. It is advisable to feed them not over liberally, or, just what they will clean up, as they are not partial to feed that they have formerly picked over. They should be kept supplied with salt and also have access to water. In feeding small roots and especially in administering medicine, it is well to bear in mind that sheep are easily choked so it is advisable to proceed with caution along these lines. Expert advice is against the forcible holding up of a sheep's head when drenching, that is to say, do not hold it up too high while the jaws should not be forcibly closed as it is far safer to give the animal a chance to swallow naturally.

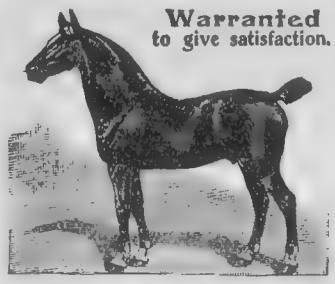
Among the most popular breeds for the West are the Shropshire, Oxford Down, and Suffolk.

Breeding ewes have been very successfully wintered in an enclosed space with the only kind of shelter that could be obtained from a rough shed made of poles with the south side quite open, the roof being thatched with straw. Such a shelter is both cheap and quite sufficient for the purpose.

A Useful Farm Implement

The present age is an age of transportation and great strides have been made in modes of travelling, but in the face of this the ordinary push bicycle still finds a considerable amount of favor from people of various occupations, owing to the fact that it is of moderate cost and within reach of most people, and in addition is reliable, cheap in upkeep and takes up very little room when stored away. There are a multitude of tasks in which it is capable of helping the farmer such as carrying him to distant parts of his farm or to town, carrying small repairs to a breakdown, carrying meals to gangs at work, and this is accomplished at the cheapest rate of quick transportation. The bicycle, unlike its rival vehicles needs no special shed or garage for shelter as it may be stowed away in a very small space while its small size and lightness give it an advantage over other vehicles inasmuch as it may be lifted over fences and other obstacles that are to be found on the average farm, and in fact will go wherever its rider can climb.

For the general direction of labor it is an ideal means of quick transit as it can be taken to any corner of the farm where perhaps a horse or car would have to be left behind for some distance. It is ready for any trip at any time, and is not such a helpless affair should any break in its machinery stop it on the road, as is a stalled car, or wagon in difficulties. In the busy season such as harvest when all the horses may be required on the binders, a boy with a bicycle can take the place of the driving horse in quicker time and at considerably less cost than the same trip would incur when done by car. A trip to town requires at least one of the



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Got Gophers?

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farm hands to absent himself for the time being, and unless the parcels to be brought home are of a very heavy and bulky nature the bicycle is capable of doing the work quickly and cheaply.

Considering its size, it is surprising what an amount of material can be hung on a bicycle.

Like other implements, the bicycle needs ordinary care and should be kept free from rust, should be oiled regularly, and not exposed to the weather when not in actual use. When it is stored away for the winter, a good plan is to give it a coat of vaseline all over, which, when removed in the spring, will leave the machine as good as ever. When it is stored for any length of time it is advisable to have it slung or else stood upside down so that the tires are not subject to the weight of the machine.

The Sheltering of Pigs

Feeds and feeding are a matter of careful study these days when the raising of stock is essentially in such urgent demand to supply the deficiencies the world over caused by the past four years of devastation. In addition to the matter of feeding, there is another matter of importance and by its management or mismanagement the effects of a carefully planned system of feeding will be enhanced or defeated. The latter point is covered by housing.

Suitable housing does not necessarily mean expensively constructed houses or pens which may lack some very necessary points in spite of their elaborate design. For instance, the pig barn may give the owner good satisfaction as soon as it is put into operation inasmuch as it appears to be "good and warm," but after a while the pigs may not appear to be in such a thrifty and vigorous condition as one would wish. These unsatisfactory symptoms are the result of stale air and lack of exercise. The pigs form a habit of getting up from their bed and after eating their meal which has come to them through the trap door and come very easily at that, as it has entailed no effort on their part, they return to their corner in a listless state, and, like many humans who have stayed indoors for days on end, feel less and less inclined to get out in the air and take the necessary exercise to stimulate their digestion. Such a mode of existence will bring in its train indigestion and constipation to the detriment of the subsequent litters.

For brood sows due to farrow in the late winter or early spring months, an ideal shelter is the moveable cabin. Such shelters can be ranged side by side in a convenient place in the barnyard. They can be made to accommodate four or five sows.

The movable pen as described above may be used as a shade in summer and a shelter from the cold in winter. The summer location should be dry and airy so that the pigs using it may be free from any oppressiveness that can be avoided in the hot weather. They can be used to excellent advantage in hog pastures in the summer time, for they are very easily moved. In winter a sheltered spot should be chosen if possible to avoid exposure to severe winds, and it is a good plan to throw straw as a banking up the sides.

These pens are made V-shaped like a roof without perpendicular walls and each end should form a perfect triangle, the floor and sides being eight feet each. Good strong sills should be provided in order that the pens may be moved by a team at any time and the ends of the sills are better to be rounded off to form runners. A ring or clevis should be fixed to either end for the purpose of hooking on a team. A doorway cut to about halfway up to the peak of the roof is about sufficient. When these pens are faced south in the winter and well banked up with straw the pigs have fresh air and comfort and enjoy a state of health that probably would not be attained in many a more expensively built pen. Some very satisfactory results have already been obtained by the use of these pens, and in these days of expensive building material such a method of sheltering pigs should find favor among the farmers who are going in for hog raising on the most efficient economical lines.

The Health of the Bees

In order to prevent infectious diseases getting among your bees and subsequently spreading, it is necessary to know the means by which it spreads. The chief means by which bee diseases are spread is the honey.

The feeding of bees from honey from other apiaries is a danger unless the bee keeper knows that such apiaries are free from foul brood. The purchasing of honey of unknown origin for the purpose of feeding bees should be strictly avoided.

Another feature to be guarded against is robbing. A colony may become weak and in consequence liable to be robbed. The robber bees should they be from an infected apiary will be the means of starting disease in your colony. Such an event should be guarded against as much as possible and it should be planned to keep the colonies up to a strength that will discourage robbers. Should a colony get weak and it is found practically impossible to reinforce it, the entrance should be contracted.

In buying second hand supplies for the apiary, be sure that the apiary from which they come is free from infectious diseases, otherwise there is danger introducing infection among the bees of a healthy apiary.

A small, but happy family.

Care of the Water Supply

The location of the well is of great importance as it should be kept guarded from contaminating influences. By enclosing the well in a small area around the top, animals can be kept from it and thus it will be protected from the pollution that farm animals are capable of bringing to it. The location of a well should be on a slope above the stable or barn and not less than 200 feet from such buildings. The well has such an influence on the health and convenience of the household, that careful planning is well worth while. For the convenience of watering stock when a well is fenced off to keep out all animals, the water should be run through a pipe about 40 feet in length to a trough that distance from the well as a watering trough gets surrounded by mud holes and the soil becomes pollulted by manure.

The well cover should receive special consideration and while it is in course of construction it is well to see that it is

Had Fainting Spells.

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quite water-tight. The kind that is considered to be the cheapest in the long run and the most durable, is a concrete slab reinforced with iron rods. Other methods are, to have the platform built with matched boards or heavy timbers with the cracks calked with oakum or tar.

The reason that wells require to be cleaned is chiefly due to the entrance of trash, dirt, small animals, etc. A well that has a proper construction is safe from such accumulations. If trash, etc., is allowed to go into a well it soon becomes foul and it needs to be cleaned frequently. Where a bucket is used for dipping from a well, a shelf should be provided for the bucket to be placed upon when not in use instead of placing the bucket on the ground where it is very likely to pick up polluting matter and transfer it to the water in the well. Of course, the ideal way when a bucket is used, is to have an enclosed windlass box and an automatic device for emptying the bucket so that it is not touched by the hands.

British Mercantile Marine War Work

In nothing did the war change the attitude of the "official" world so much so in the matter of the Mercantile Marine. The Navy always looked upon the merchant seamen as a poor relation who was not to be encouraged. The nation relied on and by the work of the men who went down to the sea in ships in all weathers and under all possible conditions of discomfort, but the nation never gave those men, collectively, a thought.

Now we have the announcement that a great national tribute to the merchant service is preparing. Some of the old "shell backs" may perhaps laugh in their beards, but I think it is fair to say that the nation really means it. The submarine menace was not a wholly unmixed evil. It brought the splendid qualities of our seafarers into the light of day; it made the shore dweller realize how much he depended on the regular coming and going of our trading ships.

Even to-day, however, it may be doubted whether the public at large really knows what the mercantile marine did during the war. I am not one of those who juggle easily with figures, but the last annual report of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association contained some tabular statements that were of dramatic interest.

They showed what the merchant ships brought into the country during the first four years of hostilities in foodstuffs and in raw material of primary importance. The tables take up a great deal of room, but I have extracted from them certain vital totals which are of striking interest. The following are some of the totals of foodstuffs:

Meat (including bacon)	82,000,000 cwts.
Wheat and flour	410,000,000 cwts.
Butter and margarine	10,000,000 cwts.
Sugar	126,000,000 cwts.
Tea	14,000,000 cwts.

Then we have raw materials, particularly those required for munitions:

Iron ore, iron and steel	25,500,000 tons
Copper ore and copper	861,000 tons
Tin ore and tin	261,000 tons
Lead	776,000 tons
Cotton (in centals of 100 lbs.)	78,000,000 lbs.
Wool	2,619,000,000 lbs.

The price the merchant service paid in order to show this result was appallingly high. The casualty list of trading ships lost totalled 2,475, and the number of officers and men killed in those disasters was 14,700, all of them, be it remembered, civilians carrying on civilian work, with no combatant status whatever. It is small wonder that the shipping controller, in an armistice message claimed that "If the palm of victory is to be claimed by any one body of men, then, in my opinion, those are the men of the Merchant Marine."

There is another aspect of the merchant service's usefulness to the State, however,, that we must not forget. When we speak of the Navy in the war we no longer mean only that small body of devoted professional officers and men, about 150,000 in number, who formed the navy at the outbreak of the war. We now include all the 450,000 active service seafarers who manned our ships-of-war whether they were Dreadnoughts or paddle mine sweepers. And it was the merchant service that provided 156,000 of the additional officers and men.

No fewer than 13,000 Royal Naval Reserve officers came from the liners and the tramps of Britain. They won six Victoria Crosses, 80 D.S.O.'s and 410 D.S.C.'s among them, with an additional 18 who also put a bar to the D.S.C They wear to-day foreign orders of chivalry, a thing that has never before happened in any merchant service, and altogether 1,519 honors of one sort and another were awarded to R.N.R. officers. It is a fine record.

These few figures will do something to enable the shore-living citizen to visualise for himself the work which it is now proposed should be recognized nationally.

The black-faced lordlings of the north.

Snubbing an Earl

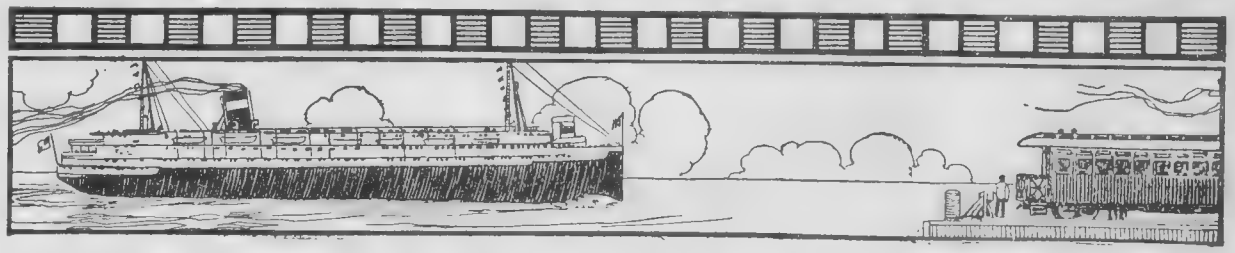
An English periodical tells of a rebuke that a servant once gave to Lord Wemyss. One day when His Lordship was having a studio redecorated he got into a political argument with one of the workmen, a red-hot Socialist.

Suddenly the argument was cut short by the man's wife who, for the time being, was acting as housecleaner.

"Now, then, Longjaw!" ejaculated the lady, addressing her better half. "Not so much lip! 'E's never done talkin', Your Lordship, once 'e begins I don't believe 'e knows 'arf the time wot 'e's talkin' about. I don't believe men never does."

"Oh, yes, we do, Mrs. Johnson," said Lord Wemyss; "we know a lot more than you give us credit for knowing."

"I said men, Your Lordship, beggin' your pardon," replied the lady, with a curtsy.



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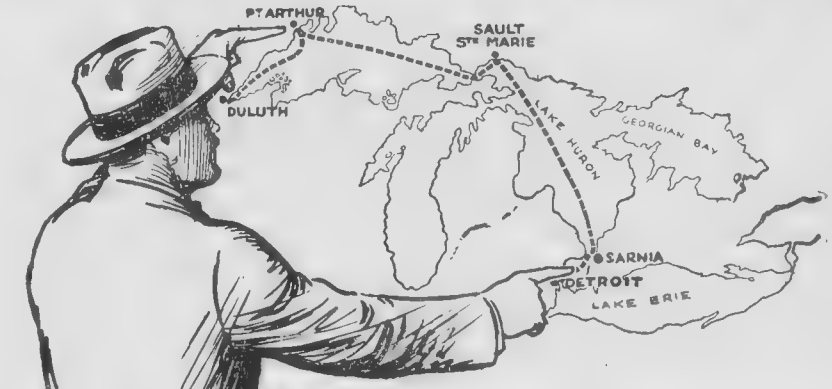

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DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE

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The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A Naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development of further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Ottawa, February 3, 1919.

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WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN TO SEE YOU, you will be proud to show them the **Mahogany-Finished Serving Tray** which is being given for only three new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly.

Music in the Home

INSTRUMENTAL STUDENTS SHOULD EXERCISE THEIR MENTAL FACULTIES

It must be admitted that one reason why music study has not been looked upon with sufficient seriousness has been its lack of thoroughness. If the study had been grounded on a firm foundation, as firm as the study of mathematics, for instance, it would have doubtless received recognition sooner. It has too long been looked upon in the light of an amusement, not in the light of a serious study. It is high time such a conception of music study should come to a stop. It is high time pupils of the piano should be taught along educational lines, just as pupils of mathematics or any other serious subject are taught. Instrumental pupils should be made to think, to use their mental powers, to concentrate, to specialize. On no other basis should piano pupils be taught. There is a great wave sweeping the country in favor of community singing and for the uplifting sentiment in the songs of the people.

This is splendid and just as it should be; it surely has the support and approval of every thoughtful mind. But singing pleasing and inspiring songs, together should not mistaken knowledge and control of the piano and its literature—or of the violin or organ. That is a matter requiring serious study and thinking. The study of the piano should be so systematized that the pupil can accomplish something definite, and know he is doing so.

Forte Passages

No greater fallacy was every uttered than "it's no use to teach my children music because they are not musical."

Children instinctively love music. Each one of us ought to repeat that sentence aloud ten times every morning for a year.

Balfe, the composer of "Bohemian Girl," made his first public appearance when he was six years old. He was then violinist for his father's dancing class in Wexford, England.

At the present time through the player piano and the phonograph the children of our homes are hearing more good music than adult music lovers did a generation ago.

Chopin is the only great composer who has given his all to the piano. He wrote nothing for the orchestra alone, nor for chamber music if we except his trio for piano violin and 'cello.

Before Paderewski went into the Presidency business he gave this advice to piano students:

"It is only by playing the scales with strong accent, and the slower the better, that precision and independence of the fingers are acquired. First play the scale through, accenting the notes according to the natural rhythm. Then, as in speech, let the accent fall upon the weak note instead of upon the strong one, and play the scale accenting every second note; afterwards place the accent upon every third note, then upon every fourth. This gives absolute command of the fingers, and is the only way to acquire it."

The Madrigal form is one of the oldest in English music. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the madrigal flourished for music sung in parts has always been more used in England than music written for the solo voice. Mr. George Oldroyd, writing on the subject, says that in those days one infallible mark of the gentleman was that he could read such music at sight and sing it in company with the other voices impromptu at a social gathering.

"When I hear the strain of a good military march," Dvorak said on one occasion, "I can't stand still—and if I were not ashamed I would just march along with all the other street boys! Some of the very learned musicians pretend they cannot bear to hear it, but I don't believe them, I think they just say it to appear still more learned. The other day I went to see a drama, and this appealed to me especially. A tragic scene had just been enacted on the stage; everybody was absolutely unstrung; when suddenly a military band passed by outside, playing a delightful cheerful march, because I knew it was only in a play, but as soon as I heard the march, I had to overcome myself greatly not to weep."

Canada Needs Community Singing

Community singing can be made one of the most potent factors in Canadian life and the assimilation of the foreign born. Even without modification to meet this special problem, it brings together people of all classes and nationalities to express their common aims and loyalties, their sentiments of liberty and patriotism in united voice.

The Musician's Opportunity

The time has come for musicians to prove to the world the true value of music. Throughout the years the true musician has been a missionary carrying a message of hope and joy, new life and courage with him wherever he went. How many of us can honestly say that we are true to our ideals.

How many of us are living to-day as we planned years ago to live; Our ideals are not by any means dead but they are surely asleep. We have been working so hard for success, for fame, for money, that instead of being clear to our vision our ideals have become misty and overcast. Now is the time to wake up. We have the most beautiful profession in the world. Who is better fitted to understand the needs of suffering humanity than the musician? His very training, his struggles, his sacrifice, his high ambitions, his aim to perfect his art, all tend to help him to understand his fellow man better.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tire, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists in Canada. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

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PAINFUL BOILS
Are Caused By Bad Blood.

When the blood becomes impure, it is only natural that boils, pimples, or some other indication of bad blood should break out of the system.

Ointment and salves will do you no good. You must get at the seat of the trouble by using a good internal blood purifying remedy such as that grand old medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters. This preparation has been on the market for the past 40 years, and is acknowledged by all who have ever used it to be the best blood cleansing remedy.

Mr. Emerson G. Goodwin, Cambridge, N.B., writes:—"For nearly two years I suffered from boils and pimples on my face and neck, and nearly all of my body was covered with the pimples. I tried most everything, but got no relief. One day a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using three bottles the pimples and boils had all left me, and there is no sign of them returning. I can strongly recommend B. B. B. to anyone who is troubled with skin disease."

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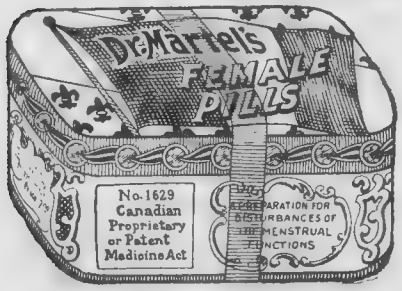

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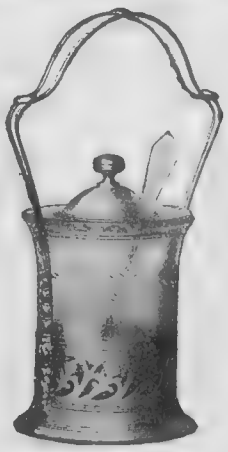

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We will send you this beautiful reward in return for only five subscriptions.

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The Dependence of the Manufacturer upon the Agricultural Producer

By Guy C. Pelton,

Canadian Manufacturers' Success Depends upon the Raw Material Provided by the Agriculturalists—with one exception—Cotton.

In the discussion from time to time of the progress and expansion of manufacturing industries of Canada, little is said of the important part which the agricultural producers play in industrial development. With the one exception of cotton, practically all of the manufacturing industries of Canada get their raw material from the rural worker.

We find in the manufacturing statistics, that the food manufactures are valued at over $390,000,000 annually in Canada. Included under this classification are the flour mills, the fruit and vegetable canneries, and the numerous other canned and boxed manufactures, almost all of which, with the exception of fish, are made up from the products of the farms. These food manufacturies use materials—raw produce—every year, valued at over $305,000,000, and they pay around $25,000,000 annually in wages. Canned and other meats account for over $80,000,000 annually, while millions are represented in canned and boxed fruits and vegetables.

The woolen manufacturies of Canada with an output around $15,000,000 annually use raw wool valued at close to $9,000,000, this fifteen million production being only in yarns, pulling and carding wool and not including clothing. Canada's clothing statistics of manufacture do not divide the woolen and cotten departments, but as the total clothing industries approximate an output exceeding $50,000,000 annually, at least an additional $15,000,000 may be added as woolen production, making the entire woolen manufactures approximate $30,000,000.

Flour manufactures exceed $115,000,000 annually and condensed milk production exceeds $3,500,00 annually. Dairy products, jams and jellies, stock foods and breakfast foods—all dependent upon the agricultural producer—account for an annual output exceeding $6,000,000.

The agricultural implement output is worth around $15,000,000 annually and while is not dependent upon the agriculturalist for the raw material for manufacture, is absolutely dependent upon the agriculturalists for the market. The dairy production of Canada shows over $26,000,000 annually in creamery butter and $35,000,000 in cheese.

At the last census of Canada the rural population exceeded the urban population, so that more than fifty per cent of the buyers of manufactured products are rural residents. From this it may be estimated that of the manufacturing production of Canada which in one year exceeds $1,381,225, at least $500,000,000 is purchased by the agriculturalists, and it may further be estimated that nearly half of this entire production is further dependent upon the agriculturalist for the raw produce.

The leather industries of Canada whose annual output exceeds $70,000,000 are also dependent largely upon the ranchers of Canada for their raw produce, the value of the hide and leather purchases in a year required to keep these factories busy exceeding $45,000,000. A large proportion also of the liquors and beverages are manufactured from grains grown by the agriculturalists, such purchases of raw material exceeding another $10,000,000 annually.

The industries in Canada which may be termed purely manufacturing agricultural industries and not including woolen factories, canneries or clothing factories, have a very large output, the dairy output alone including cheese and butter having an outpost exceeding $70,000,000 which is divided among 3,500 establishments. The estimated yield of milk is now placed at over 10,000,000,000 pounds. The creamery butter production exceeds 82,000,000 pounds and the cheese production in a year exceeds 190,000,000 pounds.

Thus the agriculturalists of Canada are not only the mainstay of the agricultural development of the country, but they are also the mainstay of the manufacturing industries, and form in themselves more than fifty per cent of the consumers or buyers of Canada's home markets. The 1918 Year Book when it is published at Ottawa will show some surprising increases in agricultural production and in the share which they formed in the entire industrial development of Canada, in war trade as well as in peace trade.

Materials Supplied Canadian Manufacturing Industries by the Farmers of Canada.

Food Products—raw materials	$ 305,000,000
Woolens—raw wool (including estimate for wools used in clothing industries but not separately classed)	30,000,000
Leather	45,000,000
Grains and malt, etc., for beverages, liquors	10,000,000
Dairy manufactures—creamery butter and cheese	70,000,000
Miscellaneous estimate	10,000,000
	$470,000,000

*All figures based on average of statistics for 1915 to 1918.

The teacher was instructing the class in the rudiments of the English language.

"John," she said, "make a sentence using the word 'indisposition.' "

John, who was evidently of a pugilistic turn of mind, assumed an aggressive pose, and announced:

"When yous wants to fight, you stands in dis position."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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WANTED RELIABLE AGENTS—To sell fruit and ornamental trees, small fruits, seed potatoes, etc. Good pay. Exclusive territory. We grow varieties recommended by Government Experimental Farmers for our Western trade. Nursery of six hundred acres. Reliable stock. Write Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont. T.F.

WILL YOU REPRESENT US? The housewives in your locality want "Witchcraft," a matchless washing preparation of surprising efficiency. You want a business-getter and steady customers. "Witchcraft," this daily necessity, is a real sales repeater. Sample, 25c. People's Specialties Co., Dept. 40, Box 1836, Winnipeg. 8-19

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STUDY AT HOME—Salesmanship; Emerson personal efficiency course; languages by phonograph (French, Spanish, Italian); show card writing and sign painting, or any other home study courses. Write to D. G. French, Manager Educational Bureau, Dept. W., 23 Toronto Street, Toronto. 12-19

FOR YOUR SUNDAY READING—Write Silver Publishing Co., Dept. 11 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa., for "Give God a Chance." McConkey's vital little devotional booklet. Sent absolutely free, postpaid. 8-19

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MAMMOTH FLEMISH GIANTS and Black Siberian Fur Hares. Prices reasonable. Sheppard's Rabbitry, Allendale, Ont. 8-19

FOR SALE—Pedigreed Belgian and Black Siberian Hares; good stock; 200 miles east of Winnipeg. T. Chambers, Sioux Lookout, Ont. 8-19

IF YOU WANT to sell or exchange your property, write me. John J. Black, 14th St., Chippewa Falls, Wis. 9-19

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FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old-established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. T.F.

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Ottawa Ladies' College New Fireproof Building

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Music, Art and Handicraft, Household Arts, Physical Culture, etc. Ample grounds. The Capital offers exceptional advantages.

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Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it?

Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address, **Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.**

BENSON'S CORN STARCH

PIE FILLINGS!

A LITTLE BENSON'S CORN STARCH should be introduced into juicy fruit pies, such as rhubarb, cherry, etc., to prevent running over.

Orange Cream Pie (see Recipe below) is not difficult to make, and will prove a happy addition to your dessert recipes.

Serve custards, blanc mange, sauces, gravies, cakes and puddings made with Benson's Corn Starch. *Write for booklet.*

PIE CRUST

Take ½ cup flour with ⅛ cup of Benson's Corn Starch, ⅛ teaspoonful baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of Mazola, or butter, ⅛ cup of cold water, ⅛ teaspoonful salt.

Sift flour, corn starch, and baking powder in a bowl, add shortening rub fine through flour; add last water and salt. Turn onto board, roll lengthwise till smooth, and use as desired.

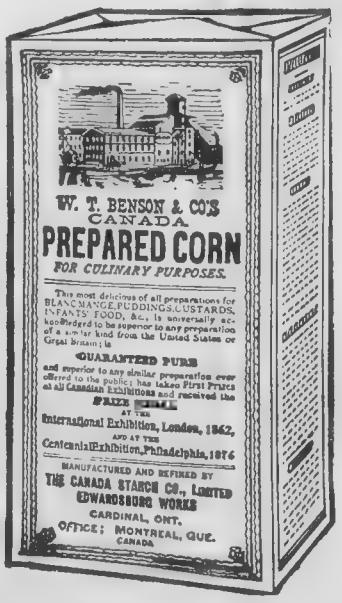
ORANGE CREAM PIE

Place in saucepan over the fire, 1 tablespoonful Benson's Corn Starch, ¾ cup water, ½ tablespoonful sugar and 1 tablespoonful of Lily White Corn Syrup. Boil five minutes. Remove from fire; add yolks of two eggs, ¼ rind of an orange, and juice of 1 orange and ½ lemon; mix well.

Line greased pie pan with very thin pie crust, brush out with beaten egg, and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Pour in above mixture and bake in medium oven till crust is light brown.

Beat the white of the eggs very, very stiff; add 1 tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Arrange by spoonfuls on top of pie and set in hot oven to brown a nice color.

Serve cold.



The Canada Starch Co. Limited

MONTREAL

Work for Busy Fingers

A Knitted Tidy in Basket Pattern In Pale Blue Wool

Materials required: 1½ ozs. of Double Berlin Wool, 2 steel needles (No. 11), a piece of strong cardboard, 3½ yards of pale blue ribbon, 1 in. wide, a small piece of blue sateen, a few inches of tie wire.

Cast on 50 stitches.

1st row—Knit plain.

2nd row—*knit 7 plain, purl 3, repeat from*

3rd row—*3 plain, purl 7, repeat from*

4th row—*7 plain, 3 purl, repeat from*

5th row—Plain.

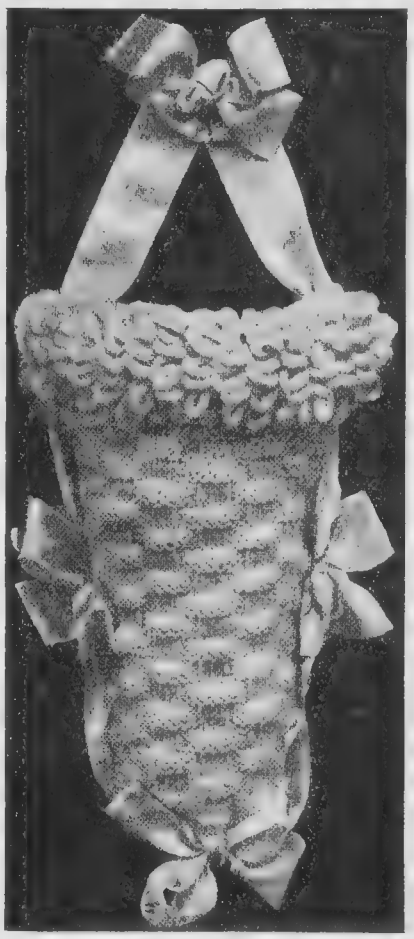
6th row—Knit 2,* purl 3, knit 7, repeat from*, ending with knit 5.

7th row—Purl 5, *knit 3, purl 7, repeat from * ending with purl 2.

8th row—Same as 6th.

9th row—Plain, decreasing 1 stitch at beginning and one at end of row. Then continue working as from the 2nd row, decreasing two stitches at every 9th row until there are only 30 stitches left on the needle; then work once more from 2nd to 8th row, and cast off.

A little attention is needed at the beginning and ends of the rows to remember how many stitches less are to be worked on each pattern.



For the Ruche—Cast on 8 stitches, 1 plain row. *1 row of loops, wind the wool over the first finger twice and knit through the stitch; then 3 rows plain. Repeat from * for length of top of basket, cast off, run the wire through the top of the basket; sew the ruche along the top of same. Cut a piece of cardboard 8 inches long, 4 inches wide at the top, 2½ inches at the bottom, cover both sides with the sateen; sew the knitted piece to it, sewing the ends of the wire on to the cardboard at each side, make a loop of ribbon to hang it up with. Sew to each side, bring it down the sides, and finish with little bows.

Crocheted Yoke No. 1

Material—No. 50 crochet cotton.

Terms used—S, single crochet; ch, chain; st, stitch; d, double crochet (thread once over hook); t, treble crochet, (thread twice over hook); dt, double treble (thread three times over hook); dtt, double triple crochet (thread four times over hook).

For number 36 bust measure it requires 15 daisies for yoke and 5 for each shoulder strap.

Daisy—Ch 9, join in ring.

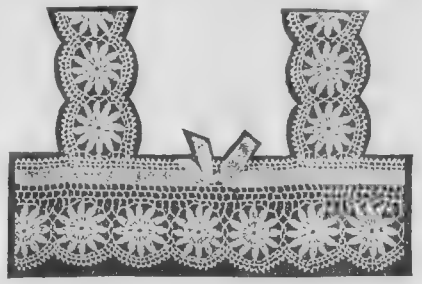
1st row—Ch 7, make 23 dt in ring with 1 ch between, join the last to 6th st fo the first 7 ch.

2nd row—Ch 1, 1 s between each dt and 1 s over each dt.

3rd row—For the petal, ch 7, for first double triple treble (thread over hook 4 times). Make dtt in each of next 3 s, having last st on the hook, thread over hook and pull through the 4 together; make 9 ch between each petal. There are 12 petals to each daisy.

To join the daisies together, join thread to 3rd petal, ch 6, 1 t in 4th of ch 9, ch 3, 1 t in next petal, ch 3, dt in next 9 ch, 3, thread over hook 7 times, insert hook in next petal, work off 3, insert hook in next petal of next daisy and work off remaining sts on hook, ch 3, etc.

Make 2 more rows of t with 3 ch between. Slip st to 2nd of 3 ch, ch 7, 1 dtt in same place, ch 3, 1 dtt under next 3 ch, 2 under next, 1 under next, etc.



For the edge—Ch 5. 1 d in 3rd ch, ch 2, 1 d in 3rd ch, repeat.

Last row—Ch 6, insert hook back in 1st st to form picot, ch 1, 1 d on d.

Work the same simple edge around the daisies at bottom and over the shoulder straps.

Yoke No. 2

Material—No. 50 crochet cotton.

Terms used—S, single crochet; ch, chain; st stitch; d, double crochet (thread once over hook); t, treble crochet (thread twice over hook); dt, double treble (thread three times over hook); dtt, double triple crochet (thread four times over hook).

This yoke requires 18 daisies for yoke and 6 for each pretty shoulder strap.

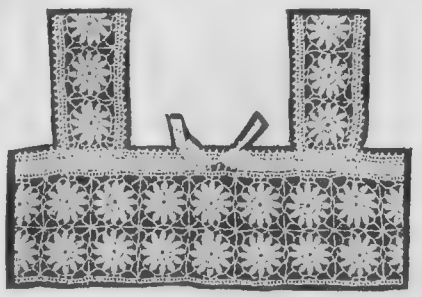
Daisy—Ch 9, join in ring.

1st row—Ch 6, make in ring, 23 t with 1 ch between, and join the last to the 5th st of first ch 6.

2nd row—Ch 1, 1 s over each t, and 1 s between each t.

3rd row—For the petal ch 6 for first dt, make 1 dt in each of next 3 s leaving last st on hook, thread over hook and pull through the 4 loops on hook at once, make 7 ch between each petal; there are 12 petals to each daisy.

Join the daisies according to the design and fill out the spaces between daisies thus:



Ch 6, thread over hook 6 times, insert hook in space between 2 daisies and work off (2 sts at a time) leaving last st on hook, thread over hook 4 times, insert hook under 7 ch between 2 petals of daisy and work off in same way. Repeat this until space is filled and pull thread through the 8 sts on hook at once. Fasten off securely.

To fill the half spaces at the bottom and top of yoke, fasten thread in 3rd petal of daisy, ch 6, 1 d in 4th of 7 ch, ch 9, thread over hook 4 times; continue in same way as spaces between daisies and repeat all around.

Ch 4, * miss 1 ch, 1 d in next, ch 1, 1 d; * repeat around.

For the beading of yoke, ch 10, * miss 1 space of former row, a dtt in next, ch 3; * repeat.

Make another row of d with 1 ch between for the outer edge.

For the last row, make a picot of ch 6 between every other d over the ch 1 of former row.

The City of Bagdad

When Charlemagne revived the Western Empire at the end of the eighth century A. D., it was to the caliph of Bagdad that he addressed himself on terms of equality as sharing with him the dominion of the whole world. This caliph was the illustrious Harun-al-Rashid, who lives forever as thee hero of the Arabian Nights.

The name Bagdad was by some supposed to be derived from Bag or Bagh, a garden, and Dad the name of a christian hermit; but Sir Henry Rawlinson exploded the legend when he discovered the brick wall of an old quay dating from the reign of Nebuchadnezzar (604-561 B. C.) and forming part of an ancient city named Baghdadu.

Bagdad stands in a central position in western Asia near the ruins of more extinct capitals than lie within an equal distance in any other quarter of the earth. Sixty miles to the south stood Babylon; still closer to it and down the Tigris were, on opposite banks, the Syrian capital, Seleucia, and the Parthian capital, Ctesiphon. When Abûjâfar Al-Mansr, the second of the Abbasside caliphs, founded Bagdad in 762-3 A. D., he used the bricks and stones of those fallen cities to build his own.

But the fame of Bagdad dates from the appearance of Harun-al-Rashid, whose caliphate began in the year 786. He extended the city to the left bank of the river, and he also devised a means of crossing the Tigris that has not changed for a thousand years. Sometimes the bridge is swept away in seasons of flood, and then the citizens can only cross the river in a kind of coracle or circular tub.

For five centuries the caliphs flourished in Bagdad, and then the Mongol host under Hulagu grandson of Genghis, "the scourge of God," appeared in the year 1258. Al Mostasim was the caliph of the time. He had amassed an immense treasure, which he stored in a lofty tower, but he had neglected the defenses of his country. Having no army to meet the enemy in the field, he shut himself up in his capital and hoped for the best. But the Mongols were irresistible and carried the place by storm. Mostasim was brought before his conqueror, and had to listen to the upbraidings of the victor for having neglected the first duty of a ruler in providing for the security of his country. Then Hulagu ordered this last of the Abbassides of any importance to be locked up in his treasure tower and left without food until he starved to death, and he gave Bagdad up to slaughter and pillage.

When the Mongols had finished their work it is said seven hundred thousand corpses cumbered the streets. This was the great sack of Bagdad, but Timour did what he could to emulate it about the year 1400. Two hundred and thirty-eight years later Bagdad passed into the hands of the Turks.

At a distance the apearance of Bagdad is not unworthy of its ancient fame. Crenelated walls, bastioned gates, numerous towers, a wide ditch, a lofty citadel, and a noble river flowing between opposing ramparts give it an aspect rare among the habitations of men. Above the walls appear the gilded domes of mosques and royal tombs, alternating with dainty minarets and cupolas.

A city built of burnt bricks cannot attain to the venerable age of one formed of marble and stone, and of the Bagdad of Harun there alone remains the tomb of his favorite wife, Zobeidah. More modern, but still of a respectable age, is the old madrasah, or college, of the thirteenth century, which, while it flourished, made Bagdad the chief centre of Arabic learning. It is now used as the customhouse.

The interior of Bagdad does not correspond with its outside show. There is no sewerage the unfiltered water of the Tigris is conveyed from house to house in skins that are the nurseries of continuous generations of microbes. It is not surprising that cholera is epidemic and that there is a special local disease known as "the Bagdad date mark." The reforming governor, Midhat Pasha, wished to grapple with this problem when he was in the city from 1868 to 1872, but either time was too short or the work too great. Things went on as before, and Bagdad still awaits its Nimrod or Tarquinius Priscus.

THE AMBITIOUS FLASHLIGHT

Once there was a pocket flashlight, whose notions became inflated from conversing with an electric chandelier in the shop.

"Why," he asked, "should I give forth only flashes of brilliancy, while the arc light shines all night? Am I not electric, the same as he? Is not my light as bright, while it lasts? Why this paltry button arrangement, springing back so quickly and condemning me to darkness so promptly? I also will have a career! I also will be a permanent luminary!"

"Look out!" a gas fixture warned him. "Don't try to ape your betters. Be content to be what you were designed to be."

"My betters!" the flashlight exclaimed. "I'll show you that I'm as good as the arc light."

Thereupon, the next time his master pressed the flashlight button, it stuck fast, and the flashlight continued to burn, unknown to his master.

"There!" the flashlight exclaimed. "Now you see what I really am. Behold me, arc light, incandescent, gas light, all of you! See how bright I am. See how steady I am. Am I not a wonder?"

So the flashlight continued to exult for half the night; and then, suddenly, he grew red and went out.

The next night, when his master tried to use him, there was no answering flash, nothing but darkness.

"Pooh!" said his master. "Another flashlight gone wrong. I've lost patience with the whole lot of them. They are more bother than they're worth."

He tossed the flashlight on to a dusty shelf, and there it has remained to this day.—Æsop Jones.

Rub it in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

A Mother's Tribute

THIS letter from Mrs. Roberts gives such a fine idea of the value of Dr. Chase's medicines for use in the home that we shall publish it without further comment.

Mrs. Everett Roberts, 44 Endicott Ave., Halifax, N.S., writes :

"I feel it a pleasure as well as my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Ointment. After the shock of the Halifax explosion my system was all run down, and I was so weak that I could not walk. Night after night I lay awake unable to sleep. Nothing did me any good until one of my neighbors recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. After a treatment of this medicine I can positively say that my health and strength have been restored, and I can now sleep well and do my work as well as ever.

"I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for my baby, who had ringworms all over his face. I tried almost everything I knew of without success until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. This cured him in a short time. I would not be without either of these medicines in the house, and trust this may induce others to give them a trial and be convinced of their merits."

You can scarcely ask for a stronger gurantee of the value of a medicine than the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box. This is for your protection against imitations and substitutes. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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The fragrance developed in the roasting process is retained in the vacuum-sealed Gold Standard tin. A trial can will prove why Gold Standard —Western Made for Western Trade— is superior to other coffees. Blended to suit western waters.

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COR. PORTAGE AND GARRY, WINNIPEG.

Fashions and Patterns

A Popular and Comfortable Style. 2945—For this charming little model, one could use gingham and lawn, organdie and dotted Swiss, challie and crepe or satin. The dress is also nice for plaid suiting. for serge, seersucker or poplin, with the guimpe or crepe, lawn or batiste.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 27 inch material for the guimpe and 2⅞ yards for the dress. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Frock with Youthful Lines. 2790—This model may be finished without the tunic. The skirt is a two-piece style. The sleeve is close fitting below the elbow. Figure voile or silk, with satin or crepe would be good for this design. It is also nice for garbardine, gingham, batiste, lawn and organdie. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1½ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable and Attractive Play Suit. 2738—Child's Rompers and Cap. Percale, gingham, seersucker, galatea, chambrey, linen, corduroy, pique and voile, are appropriate for this style. The front has waist and bloomer portion cut in "one." The black has the waist separate. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length or short in kimono style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. It requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material for a 4 year size. The cap requires 1¼ yards of 24 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Two New Sleeves and a Smart Vest. 2948—These models will lend themselves readily to any material. The sleeve No. 2 is nice for silk or velvet. No. 3 is pretty in a combination of materials, and the vest may be of satin, velvet brocade, embroidered linen or cloth. The pattern includes all styles and is cut in 4 sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. It will require 1¼ yard of 27 inch material for the vest, 1⅜ yard of 36 inch material for 1 pair of sleeves like No. 2, and 2⅜ yards for 1 pair of sleeves like No. 3. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Chic Costume. 2953—This design was attractively developed in blue satin, with trimming of velvet and embroidery. One could have the vest of contrasting material. Brown and orange, taupe and blue, green and white, blue and ecru would be pleasing. The skirt is a three piece model with gathered fulness at the waistline and is made on prevailing lines. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1½ yard. This pattern is in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5⅞ yards of 44 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

An "Easy to Make" Apron. 2785—This model is nice for seersucker, gingham, lawn, percale, drill and jean. The body portion is finished with strap ends that are crossed over the back and fastened to the front at the shoulders. In this design, all waste of material is avoided, and the garment is cool, comfortable and practical. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 33-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch

material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Ladies' House Dress. 2720—Seersucker, gingham, galatea, drill, khaki, percale, lawn and linen may be used for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The dress is a one-piece model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6¼ yards of 36 inch material. Width at lower edge is 2¼ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Frock for the Growing Girl. 2936—Here is a very attractive model that will develop well in serge, satin, taffeta or garbardine, and is also nice for combinations of plaid or checked and plain fabrics. As illustrated, white linen was used, with piping of braid, and pearl buttons for trimming. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 27 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Chic Suit for the Growing Girl. 2944—Cheviot, broad cloth, serge, velour or tricatine, velvet, corduroy, and mixed suiting are all good for this style. The coat is loose fitting. The skirt may be finished without the cuff. Brown serge with facing of tan, or blue with white, would be nice for this design The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 6½ yards of 27 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Charming One-Piece Model. 2928—This dress is fine for linen, satin, taffeta, velvet, serge or garbardine. The cuff on the skirt may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 4½ yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1½ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

Just the Dress for Your Growing Girl. 2437—Here is comfort, good taste and good style. The model is nice for the new, pretty voiles, for dimity, taffeta, silk, batiste and dotted Swiss. The surplice effect on the waist is very pleasing. You may finish the dress with a belt over the back or with a smart sash of ribbon, silk or material. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards of 44 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Summer Frock. Waist 2964, Skirt 2891—This very attractive combination would be nice for organdie, challie, voile figured or plain. Bands of embroidery in colors would form a suitable trimming. Pattern 2964 furnishes the waist model and pattern 2891 supplies the skirt. One could develop this in blue taffeta with bands of taupe georgette. The Waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Its width at the lower edge is 1 2-3 yard. To make this design for a medium size will require 5¾ yards of 36 inch material. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. for each pattern in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

Miller's Worm Powders destroy worms without any inconvenience to the child, and so effectually that they pass from the body unperceived. They are not ejected in their entirety, but are ground up and pass away through the bowels with the excreta. They thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels and leave them in a condition not favorable to worms, and there will be no revival of the pests.

Tempting Desserts that are also Wholesome

In these days you want desserts that do more than merely please the eye and palate. They should also serve as *food*, help nourish the body.

Junket can be made in many ways that will *look* good and *taste* good; but it will also and always be *wholesome* too!

It is made with *milk*—and it makes milk more readily digestible.

Junket
MADE *with* MILK

Junket enjoys the unique distinction of gracing the tables of the most particular people, *as a dessert*, and at the same time being prescribed by doctors, nurses and in hospitals *as a food*.

Try it. If you want to make it in a jiffy, try Prepared Junket (Nesnah). In this form the sugar, flavor, etc., have already been added. Simply dissolve in luke warm milk, pour into individual dishes and let stand. Six pure flavors to choose from.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory,
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A Recipe Booklet and sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3c stamp. A full package for 12c.

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It stimulates a man for his work in the morning and helps him to forget his troubles at night. Ask for it.

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Help the muscles to come back!

One of the most remarkable things about the human body is its recuperative powers—but to come back it needs care, not neglect.

Tired and weary muscles, if given a good rub with *Absorbine, Jr.* will be fresh and strong in the morning, ready for another strenuous day's work.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

The very next time you over-exert yourself, or find an unaccountable lameness in your muscles, or stiffness in your joints, stop at your druggist's on the way home and get a bottle of *Absorbine, Jr.*

Give the affected parts a good stiff rub, using a few drops of the liniment in the palm of the hand, and see how different you feel in the morning.

$1.25 a bottle at your druggist's, or postpaid. Good-sized sample bottle sent on receipt of 10c in stamps.

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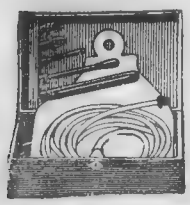

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Correspondence

Speaks His Mind

Dear Editor and Friends,—It is hardly necessary for me to state the usual form of introducing myself, as I am an old-timer to your columns. Now, I want to discuss the women folk as usual, and the vote they now have, and how prepared are they to use it any more intelligently than the men, for I have several times recently been told by women, that the men have made a miserable failure of governing the world, and that women certainly could not do worse.

In the first place I do not think the women will ever get to that stage where they will be in the majority to govern. But if they are to do the right thing by themselves, and children, and men, and make a better showing than us poor, uneducated creatures, they have sure got to get busy and organize themselves in one solid body and study all the different questions of national importance, and educate themselves along progressive and Democratic lines so that if they do not get to parliament, they will be in a position to vote intelligently and make their's an envious position which, to-day, is not so, according to my views. I should like to state right here a few of the most important questions, that they should get acquainted with at once; but, seeing my letter is getting long, I will leave them over for the next letter (providing the editor sees fit).

I have just a very short item down on my chest, and would like to unload right now, so here goes.

I notice there are several girls under the age of twenty years, writing to this page, and I think that girls under that age should be "cut out," as they are not old enough to know their own mind, and think they should be more under the care of their mother, until they reach that age. Fancy young girls writing to the correspondence page, and asking that young bachelors should write to them. The mother of a girl who does so, should give her a good spanking, and keep her more occupied learning what a young girl ought to know. Also teach her not to flirt with every boy she meets. I have seen several such girls since living in the west, and I also notice that they usually have their face covered with some beastly powder and paint, and always has her dress smelling of some obnoxious perfume, to which I have the greatest objection. I am surprised that mother's supply money to purchase such trash, and would suggest that if the mothers have any spare cash, they should put it to something more lucrative, such as some good literature, or lessons in music.

Any reader wishing to correspond, I shall be most pleased to explain any of the above kicks more fully. Best wishes to the editor and readers.

Not a Crank.

For a Cosy Home

Dear Readers:—"What is so rare as a day in June?"—unless it is a day in May, or April, or any other of the beautiful spring and early summer months. May I join your circle, readers? I was a "cranky old schoolma'am" until a few short months ago, when I found the "real man," and now have a cosy little home of my own. May I share some of my plans for fitting it up? I frame many pictures cut from the covers or backs of magazines in the following manner: Obtain an oval piece of glass—any glazier will cut it for you—the size you want your picture when framed, and cut a piece of cardboard for the back, exactly the same size. The binding or frame should be of lace or mesh, any color, made in the form of insertion—that is, a straight strip. Gather it on either edge, drawing it flat to the glass on one side and to the cardboard back on the other, the picture having first been placed, of course, between the two. I like gold-colored insertion drawn up with gold thread. The binding, made as directed, will hold glass and back together securely, and pictures thus framed are pretty as well as inexpensive. The passepartout binding, which may be purchased very cheaply, is also good for framing small pictures, and this can be used on glass with square corners. Very attractive and interesting pictures are to be found in the pictorial sections of the papers, particularly such as give photogravures. A half dozen or more of such pictures, all relating to the same thing, may be framed with passepartout and grouped together on the wall very effectively, and cost "next to nothing," save the pleasant hours spent in framing and arranging them. It is a delight to make one's home attractive. And now may I ask a favor? Some time ago a remedy for ivy-poisoning was given in our paper; I have lost it and am anxious to get it again. I trust my hints may help some one and that I may come again.

Happy Hopes.

Some Useful Hints

Dear Readers:—All the way from hilly old Vicksburg, where monuments erected in memory of dead Civil War heroes gleam in the southern sun, I have come, and now I am knocking at the door. Won't you let me in? Thanks: and now that I am seated I am going to express my opinion of The Western Home Monthly. It is rightly named, for during the many years that I have been its honored reader I have never had the misfortune to run across a story or anything other than good between its covers. Having rendered my meed of homage to our paper, I'll just take a squint around all the many friends collected together before I share my budget of hints. My, my! what a goodly crowd! And such bright, intelligent faces, too, that I wonder if anything I can say will be really worth while. Well, at any rate, I'll risk it having come so far, so gather round me, farmer sisters,—and all you other sisters who have a lot of outdoor work to do—and I'll tell you how to have a clear, healthy, rosy complexion (those of you who haven't already got one), or at least I will tell you how I care for mine. I live on a farm and have a lot of work outside to do, such as feeding and caring for poultry, milking, gardening, etc., so I have a gingham splint-bonnet, with wide front and long cape, also a pair of three-quarter mittens, made of old woolen pants-cloth. These I keep in a convenient place, with the gloves inside the bonnet, so whenever I want to step outside for anything I have them right where I can get them without any trouble, and am thus protected from sun and wind. Upon arising in the morning I drink a cup of hot water as regularly as I bathe my face. I call it my "inside bath," for it certainly does clean the stomach of all impurities and waste matter left from the day before, thus indirectly aiding to clear the skin by aiding digestion. About ten o'clock, after I have put dinner on to cook (these are my first minutes of leisure), I heat a pan of water as hot as can be borne and bathe my face and neck in it, using a good ,pure soap and rubbing well with a coarse cloth; then I rinse it in clear, cold water, dry thoroughly and powder with a good talcum powder. I never use massage cream, for I believe it has a tendency to promote the growth of hair on face and neck. After supper I bathe my face in clear, cold water, and before retiring take a fresh drink. I sleep with plenty of air coming into the room through an open window. I am sure if you will all follow these simple rules, not spasmodically but regularly and patiently each day, you will find no further cause to grumble about tan, pimples, blackheads, or freckles. I hope I have not made so long a stay that I shall lose that "standing invitation" to come again! Tina.

The Busy Bees

Dear Readers:—How many of you have ever tried keeping a few bees in order to add to the home-raised food? It is really a simple matter to raise one's own honey, for a hive or two of bees can be kept in any backyard. Many people lost them last year because of not giving them proper protection. If you are an amateur beekeeper, put a box around your hive and fill in the space between it and the hive with dry

SICK HEADACHES AND CONSTIPATION.

When the bowels do not perform their functions properly the liver is sure to become affected and the inactive condition of the liver will cause constipation, sick or bilious headaches, heartburn, water brash, specks floating before the eyes, the tongue becomes coated, the breath foul, and the eyes have a dull, yellow glassy appearance.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will regulate any irregularity of the bowels and stimulate the sluggish liver into action.

Mrs. Malcolm McDermid, Cranton Section, N.S., writes:—"I have been sick for a number of years with sick headaches and constipation. I tried all kinds of doctor's medicines but none did me any good. I tried Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and after using four vials I am completely cured. I would heartily recommend them to all sufferers."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. a vial at all dealers or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

RHEUMATISM
A HOME CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvellous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 316E Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

CHILDREN NEED HELP

Spanking doesn't cure bed-wetting—the trouble is due to weakness of the internal organs. My successful home treatment will be found helpful. Send no money, but write me today. My treatment is equally successful for adults, troubled with urinary difficulties.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 86 Windsor, Ont.

FREE Lavalliere or Rose Bud Ring. Ring set with Rose Bud. Lavalliere set with rex stone, green gold leaves. Your choice for 12 cents. Both for 22 cents. Warranted for three years. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. , Battle Creek, Mich.

Cramps in Stomach

Never Suffered Worse Pains.

There is no other kind of bowel trouble that comes on one so quickly and with so little warning as an attack of cramps in the stomach. These are very painful, and when you are seized in this way, and are all doubled up, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief, and give it quickly too.

You don't want some untried medicine that might only help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Every one who has ever used it knows that a dose or two will give instant relief.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of those remedies that should be in every house, as no one knows just when some member of the family may be attacked with diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, cramps colic or some other bowel complaint.

Mrs. S. E. Clark, Dorion Station, Ont., writes:—"While visiting my mother in town, I was taken very sick with cramps in my stomach. I don't think I ever suffered worse pains. I sent and got a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and in a couple of hours I was all right again, and able to ride eight miles home in the evening. I can't praise your wonderful medicine enough."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for the past 74 years. Don't experiment with new and untried remedies. Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous.

Price 35c. at all dealers. Put up only by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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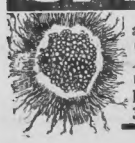

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leaves, straw or shavings, being very sure not to stop up the entrance. Then put a heavy covering on top of the hive and a thick layer of leaves underneath. Before putting your bees into winter quarters, too, make sure that they have at least thirty pounds of honey to last them through the cold weather. They are very interesting to care for, and there is really no better "money-maker" for the woman who is not afraid of them and enjoys caring for them. Most hives throw off two good swarms during the summer, which are readily sold if one does not want her own apiary to increase. And we all know how delicious "real honey" is with warm biscuits. Westward-Ho.

Ways of Managing

The light of the silvery moon is gleaming through the waving arches of the lonesome pine, and in the distance I hear the piping of the frogs. It makes me the least bit lonely, so I'll overcome my timidity and come in to chat with you all awhile. The Western Home Monthly has just reached me. I find it a very helpful paper, and am much interested in this department as I am a young housekeeper and like to get new ideas along this line. Since I have been keeping house I've been trying every way to help my good husband provide for our small family of three. I think it a woman's duty to help instead of being a drawback to her husband, and in order to help I've learned to save and make everything count. Let me tell you how I manage when lard is scarce. We are getting plenty of milk and butter, some more than we use, so the butter that I do not use daily is left unsalted, put into a pan and boiled until perfectly free from milk; then it is strained and put away to use when necessary for frying, pies, chicken, etc. Butter will keep fresh for a long time, treated in this way, and I find it a fine substitute for lard. To freshen old potatoes and withered apples soak them in cold water overnight. The potatoes should be pared, the apples soaked with their skins on. To prevent shoes wearing holes in the heels of stockings fasten a piece of wash-leather or velvet inside the heels of the shoes. This will also insure the shoes from rubbing the feet and make them a better fit. When your kitchen-towels begin to wear thin, and it is only a question of time—and a short time, at that—before the appearance of holes, place two of them together and stitch around the edge, then lengthwise down the center, and once each side halfway to the edge of towel. You will get as much wear again out of them. If your shoe-lacing tips pull off, wet the ends of the lacings with brown shellac, roll to a point and let become thoroughly dry. They will go through the eylets as easily as the regular tips, and save buying many pairs of lacings for the children. If you use only half a yeast-cake put the remainder in a cup and cover with cold water; it will keep for a long time if you change the water every day. When you use an orange or a lemon, grate off the yellow rind and put alternately a layer of the grated peel and one of sugar in a dish. This makes a nice flavoring and will keep indefinitely. While these may seem small savings the old adage says that "many a little makes a mickle," a penny here and another there soon amount to dimes and dimes grow to dollars. Another way I have of helping is by earning money in various ways, by means of which I am able to get many things we could not have but for the work I do in spare moments, such as baby bonnets, yokes, doilies, edgings, etc. Then I make hair switches from combings, and altogether am so busy all the time that, like the "old woman who lived in a shoe," I don't know what to do! I trust my ideas will help others as I have been helped. Mrs. M. G.

Concerning Fathers

Dear Readers:—

One Boy's Father

My father is the finest man
In all this world, to me;
He's all that's good and brave and true—
The things a man should be.

There never was a better friend,
Or wiser one than Dad;
He's just the truest-hearted pal
A fellow ever had.

My father's creed is faithfulness;
He seeks to serve his God,
His loved ones and his fellow men;
Content is he to plod
Along the quiet ways of life;
He wants no tow'ring fame
Or mighty wealth—his goal is this:
A pure, unsullied name.

My father is the kind of man
That I would like to be;
He's wholesome, gentle, just, sincere—
The soul of honesty.
I want to live a life like his,
And oh, I want to prove
My right, to bear my father's name
And share his priceless love.

I am sending this poem for the fathers who read this page—I know there are many who do, judging by my own "men-folks," who are as interested in the talks and letters as I am, myself. How many boys can say of their father that he is the finest man in all the world? I know of some who can, but of many more who cannot. Most men, according to my observation, shirk the responsibilities of fatherhood. They may be the best of "providers" in the way of food and clothing, but they do not make friends with their boys and win their confidence. They leave their training to the mother, whose heart and hands are already running-over full. Now a boy looks up to his father; what "Dad" does is all right, in his estimation, and he is bound to follow the father's lead in everything. If father allows himself to get angry and swear when something doesn't go to suit, to find fault with breakfast or dinner or supper, and slam the door, the son considers himself privileged to do the same thing. If father gets the best of a trade with a neighbor, and slyly brags about it, the boy feels perfectly justified in cheating the neighbor's son in "swapping jack-knives" or marbles. But all the same he hasn't the respect he would have for that father if he knew he was too honorable and upright to do a mean thing. Most men think their boys will have more respect for the father of whom they stand in awe or fear, and so they refrain from getting "chummy" at all with them. This is a big mistake. There should be the same little confidences between father and son that there are—or ought to be—between mother and daughter. They should be "pals," as the boys say, talking things over in a friendly way. No boy is likely to go wrong who has his father for a chum—if that father is the right sort, and he will not be his boy's chum if he isn't. I wish all the fathers would think this matter over and act on the ideas suggested by the poem. And the same applies to mothers with daughters. Alberta.

Readers are requested to co-operate with the editor and make this department as interesting as possible. We cheerfully solicit correspondence from our readers provided the letters are bright and newsy and will publish all matter which, in our opinion, is worthy of reproduction. We suggest that when writing to us, correspondents use originality. Do not copy word for word expressions of opinion used by other readers. Also do not confine your opinions to just one topic. We have recently received several hundred letters discussing dancing and nothing else. This is a subject which has been considerably over-done and we appeal to our readers to touch on topics of more general interest. We want to make our Correspondence Columns broader in scope and we believe that our readers will gladly help us.

Asthma Cannot Last when the greatest of all asthma specifics is used. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy assuredly deserves this exalted title. It has countless cures to its credit which other preparations had failed to benefit. It brings help to even the most severe cases and brings the patient to a condition of blessed relief. Surely suffering from asthma is needless when a remedy like this is so easily secured.

NO MORE NERVOUS HEADACHES

Since She Tried "FRUIT-A-TIVES", The Famous Fruit Medicine.

MISS ANNIE WARD

112 Hazen St., St. John, N.B.

"It is with pleasure that I write to tell you of the great benefit I received from the use of your medicine, '*Fruit-a-tives*'. I was a great sufferer for many years from *Nervous Headaches and Constipation.* I tried everything, consulted doctors; but nothing seemed to help me until I tried 'Fruit-a-tives'.

After I had taken several boxes, I was completely relieved of these troubles and have been unusually well ever since."

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We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once.

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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept W Collingwood, Ont.

What the World is Saying

The Proper Place For It

Let the waving of the Red flag in Canada be confined to our railway crossings.—Brandon Sun.

A Time of Change

Everything changes. Even high prices. They get higher.—Edmonton Journal.

In Regard to Rending

Rend your hearts, not your garments; it's cheaper.—Turner's Weekly, Saskatoon

A Financial Question

With saloons closed, why not extend the hours for the savings-banks?—Financial Times.

An Italian Opinion

If the peace terms don't humiliate Germany it will be a humiliating experience for the rest of us.—Milan Corriere della Sera.

He Is Not Strong on Foresight

The Crown Prince foresees a new war in ten years. The Arch-Looter is unduly hopeful.—Lethbridge Herald.

The Loudest Squealer

What is it that can squeal louder than a porker under a fence? A German junker in defeat.—New York Sum.

A Change for the Better

How time flies and how conditions change. Port Hope had five distilleries and a brewery in 1884.—Toronto Star.

Quite Often

A new invention enables ten persons to talk on one wire, but often it sounds that way now.—Vancouver Sun.

Passing the Buck

Von Tirpitz, Ludendorff and the ex-Kaiser have nothing to learn about passing the buck.—Calgary Herald.

Stating It Very Mildly

Three thousand tons of stolen Belgian machinery are being shipped back weekly. Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves were rank amateurs compared with the Huns.—London Bystander.

Undeniably True

The Chicago race riots again show the folly of permitting the indiscriminate sale of lethal weapons.—Toronto Globe.

Poland Abolishes Titles

In abolishing all titles except university degrees, Poland strikes a hard blow at aristocracy. The Polish nobility, among the most ancient in the world, has been as proud as any.—Glasgow Herald.

Something of the Sort Should Be Done

"Would Put ex-Kaiser on Rock Pile," head-lines an exchange. While this proposition sounds commendable, would it not give more general satisfaction if it read, "Would Put Rock Pile on ex-Kaiser"?—Boston Transcript.

A Comparison

The German mark is worth only 8⅓ cents in gold. Our dollar is worth 100 cents in gold but only about 30 cents in bacon, eggs, chickens and calico.—New York Tribune.

A Freak of Fashion

A fashionable lady without stockings was requested to leave a prominent hotel dining room in New York. The boot-legging squad seems to be on the job already in the big town.—Hamilton Herald.

More News from Russia

It transpires that after the revolution in Russia, the insane asylums were opened and the inmates freed. Now we know where the Bolsheviks came from. —Halifax Herald.

He Must Have Many Relatives

A recent guest at a dairy convention in New York was a bull worth $60,000. A humorist adds, "Our meat dealer handles nothing but this fellow's relatives." —Kingston Whig.

What One Bavarian Prince Has Done

One of the Bavarian princes is reported to have entered a monastery; but it really does not matter, as the monks are not supposed to have anything of value.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Carefulness Will Be Needed

Hereafter political orators will have to be careful how they appeal to the "plain people." Women compose a large part of the voting population now.—Kansas City Journal.

It Looks That Way

The Turkish minister of the interior has resigned, doubtless appreciating that when the Allies get through with Turkey she will have no interior left, and darn little exterior.—Minneapolis Journal.

—and Emptying the Bottles

Frenchman has amassed a fortune in Paris by saving corks. But that is only the exception that proves the rule. A lot of fortunes have been wasted by buying corks—with the accompanying bottles.—Toronto Telegram.

They Sank With Their Differences

An Austrian and a Russian quarreled near Edmonton. They were in a boat at the time, and when the dispute was ended, they were both drowned. The business of sinking one's differences can be carried too far.—Saskatoon Star.

"Free Speech" in Moscow

"Free Speech" for which the Bolsheviki clamor in this and other countries, is not included in Trotsky's "Articles of Faith." Last week 400 persons were shot down in Moscow for shouting "Down with Lenine and Trotsky."—Montreal Gazette.

Unquestionably So

The Berlin Tageblatt says the peace terms are the result of "thoughtless and intoxicated brutality." And in such things Germany is qualified above all others to give an expert opinion.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

The Cost of Living in a Jail

The cost of living at Chatham jail has been reduced from 22 to 19½c per day. Yes, but who wants to go to jail to get the benefit of this reduction?—London Advertiser.

Delaying Senate Reform

Of course if they have a gymnasium in the new Parliament Buildings and have the Senators take exercise, Senate reform is going to be delayed just by the number of days added to the Senators' lives.—Regina Post.

A Foreign Bus Driver's Sign

A local jitney owned by a driver of foreign extraction bears the sign "Publik Boose." This seems to be the antithesis of the water wagon.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Terrible Cow

The actual value of a garden patch is not fully appreciated until somebody's cow gets in; the quarts of peas and heads of cabbage that cow consumes and the bushels of potatoes she spoils by tramping, is prodigious.—Esterhazy Saskatchewan Observer.

A Libel on the Lemon

For selling lemon extract to Crooked Lake Indians, a Lemberg merchant was fined $200 and three Indians were fined $25 each, and two sent to jail for three months. The lemon extract was used to produce a jag, and the partakers proceeded to make merry, one beating up his squaw.—Wolseley (Sask.) News.

What Will A.D. 2019 See?

One hundred years ago the first steamship crossed the Atlantic. The centenary was celebrated by the crossing of the R-34. It is hardly safe to prophesy what the next century will bring forth.—Quebec Chronicle.

Parliamentary Gymnastics

The institution of a gymnasium in the new House of Parliament at Ottawa seems really superfluous. The members show no signs of inability to do flop-overs when the higher statesmanship calls for them.—Brantford Expositor.

Mr. Willard Flew, Too

A Toronto correspondent points out that the men who flew across the Atlantic received $50 a minute, while the loser of the prize fight at Toledo received $3,250 a minute. The writer overlooks that Mr. Willard flew across the ring three or four times, however.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

A Poor-Paying Plan

German school teachers of prominence have signed a proclamation urging that all German children be taught "to hate the Entente nations." Hating, so far, has not got Germany anywhere—and it is a poor-paying plan.—Buffalo Courier.

Bad for the Profiteers

France had taken the proper and only adequate measure against the food profiteers—the slimy and nauseous creatures who fatten upon the afflictions of the people and control the food and the clothing supplies. It has imposed the death penalty upon all persons so convicted. This is the answer of France to the arrogance of the profiteer.—Baltimore American.

Our Huge Debt Exceeded by New Zealand's

Some one figures that New Zealand's debt, which is $850 per head of population, is still much below that of Canada. Happily that is not the case. Canada's debt is a good deal less than two billion dollars. On the New Zealand scale it would be almost seven billions.—Monetary Times.

A Lively School Board Meeting

Once more please note that it was a Toronto paper and not any of our Western journals that referred to a recent meeting of a School Board as "a real old-fashioned rip-tail snorter of a meeting." For picturesqueness of language and wildness of English one must still look to the cultured East.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Suppose Germany Had Won!

"Germany's signature was torn from us," says Dr. Mueller, foreign minister. Well, wasn't Germany the defeated party, and doesn't the loser in war have to submit to dictation by the victor?—Chicago Tribune.

Life Senatorships Not Democratic

The government is said to be convinced that life Senatorships are a mistake. Everybody else has known that long ago, but there may be some action toward ending the abuse and establishing self-government in Canada.—Hamilton Herald.

C.P.R. Applying for Air Charter

In applying for an air charter the Canadian Pacific Railway displays the enterprise and foresight that have made it so successful. At the same time the Canadian Air Ministry should see to it that no private concern gets a monopoly of any air route in Canada, this question having passed from the phase of theory to that of the practical.—Toronto World.

Collapsed Hohenzollernism

The ex-Kaiser's stables went under the hammer in Berlin the other day. Six hundred horses were sold, among them the ex-Kaiser's favorite charger. Might as well sell them, too. All the king's horses and all the king's men can't put Humpty Dumpty Hohenzollern together again.—Duluth Herald.

Germany's New Color

It would seem as if Germany might have selected better colors for her new flag than black, red and gold. We observe this because we would think the black would remind her people of the misery and mourning her ruler created for the world, the red would remind them of the menace of socialism still existent in her confines, and the gold of the reparation money which must be paid to the Allies as the price for allowing Wilhelm to try to make himself king of the world.—Providence Journal.

A Magrath Experiment

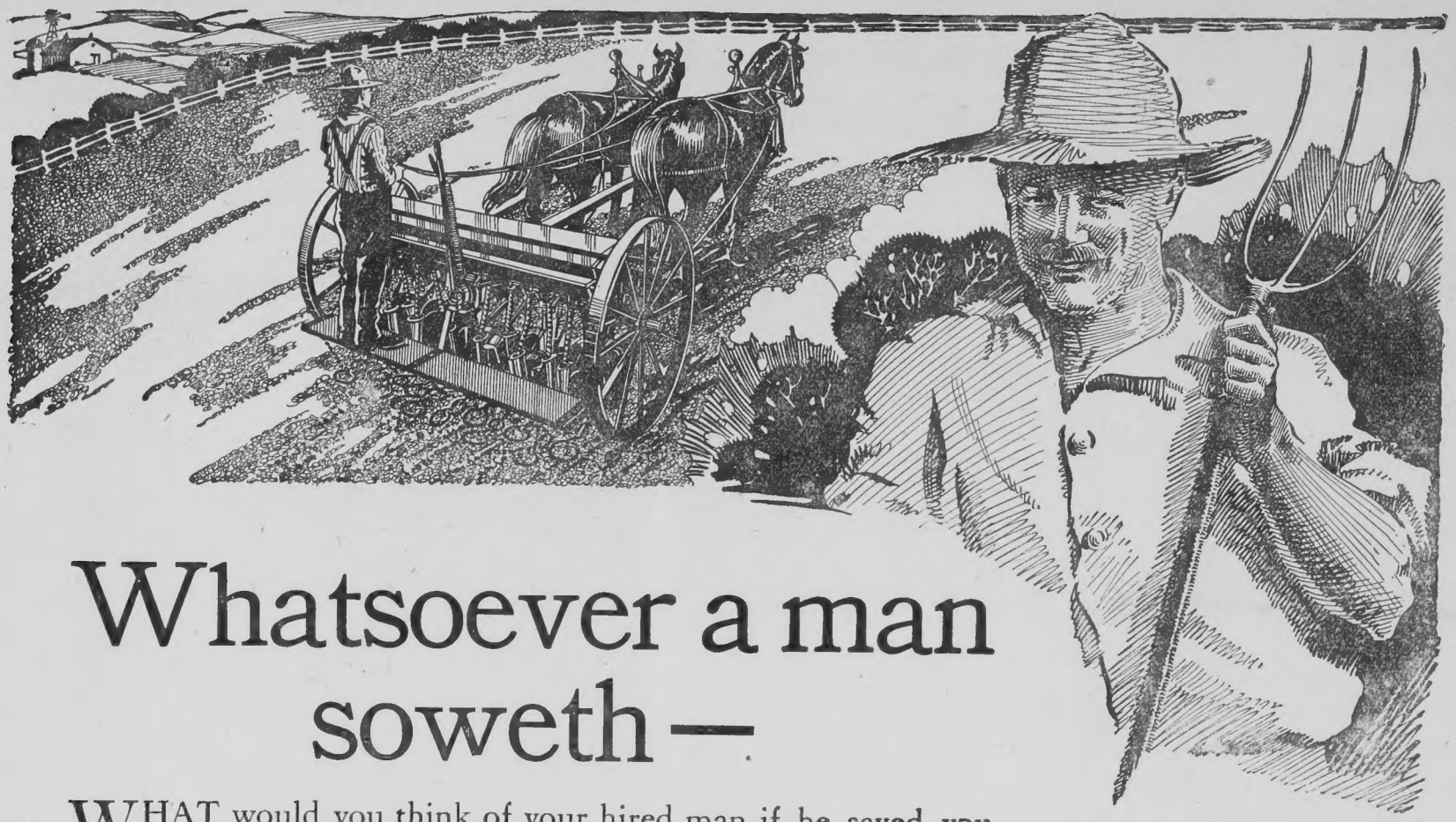
The town of Magrath is to run a municipal billiard parlor. This decision was reached after the authorities had tried unsuccessfully to exercise reasonable control of the privately managed billiard halls of the place. It will be an interesting experiment and results will be watched by other municipalities that have had similar trouble.—Calgary Albertan.

The Senate and Prohibition

The action of the Canadian Senate in deliberately setting at defiance public opinion as well as the legislation enacted by the Dominion Government in rejecting the prohibition enactment simply justifies the demand that is being made for its abolition. The argument advanced that the prohibition legislation was faulty was mere camouflage and nothing more, and the arguments, if such they can be termed, by those who helped to defeat the Government measure were of the clap-trap and twaddle brand and displayed intelligence of a very inferior character.—Lindsay Post.

Indians Back from the Front

The Indians of Hiawatha township have set the white race a worthy example in the matter of rewarding their returned soldiers. They did not stop at a brass band welcome home, at a flow of oratory or a banquet, although all of these featured in the reception. But after a flow of oratory and the feasting every returned veteran was presented with ten acres of land. And, by the way, it was not land in the wilds of New Ontario or beyond the bounds of civilization, but right in the community where these heroes of the war can spend the rest of their days amid old home associations.—Peterboro Review.



Whatsoever a man soweth—

WHAT would you think of your hired man if he saved you a chunk of money on putting in your crop?

—Suppose he sowed only half the seed—and saved half.

—Suppose he didn't fertilize the land—and saved that expense.

—Suppose he spent only half the time working the land—a big saving in labor.

You might have a fair looking field, one which cost very little to sow—but you wouldn't expect a crop.

You'd think you had a pretty expensive hired man.

Now, if you drive a car, you are hiring some firm to make tires for you.

What you are looking for is:

—not a tire which *looks* heavy.

—not a tire made to sell at a low figure.

—but one which will give you a bumper crop of mileage.

Do you want your tire-maker to say,

"Here is a tire on which I am saving you price."

—or

"Here is a tire built for final saving through long mileage."

Every Goodyear Tire is offered you on this basis. Every Goodyear Tire is like a field well-prepared and well-sowed. Into it are put *big* value in materials and workmanship. Out of it you can get *big* value in mileage.

When you are in town, ask the Goodyear Service Station Dealer about this mileage question.

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